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for JANUARY 16, 1932

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Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.25, six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.60 a year; $3.30, six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President* and *Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Murder in the Mails

"PERFUME," READ THE LABEL of one innocent-looking package.

"Desk set," another was marked.

"Clothing," read a third.

With two other packages, all identical in size, shape, and careful wrapping, they lay on a counter at the parcel-post window of the post-office at Easton, Pennsylvania.

Each neat box contained a jam jar filled with a powerful explosive.

Edward W. Werkheiser, the postal clerk in charge, did not know that. He was suspicious, however. The two swarthy men, one short, the other tall, who had just brought the packages to the window, had haggled about the weight and the postage. But what made him suspicious was that these identic packages, each weighing six pounds, were labeled as having different contents.

Werkheiser decided to open one. He snipped the cord and unwrapt the paper. Then he loosened one of the latches on the box. A shattering blast rocked the building. Werkheiser fell, mortally hurt. Another clerk, John B. House, dropt to the floor. Both died within a few hours.

Acme

Where a Bomb Killed Two Men

Interior of the post-office at Easton, after the explosion.

Four others were hurt. And Charles V. Weaver, an explosives expert, lost his life later, while detonating the other bombs in a stone quarry.

Thus the death and injury of innocent victims revealed a widespread bomb plot aimed chiefly at prominent Italians, Fascisti, in the United States.

A WAVE of horror swept the country. The fiendishness of "murder by mail," of disguising frightful engines of destruction as belated Christmas gifts shocked millions of Americans celebrating the holidays.

The day after the finding of the bombs at Easton, on December 30, came word that another series of boxes filled with explosive had been distributed through the Mid-West, by express.

Three departments of the Federal Government went into action. Guards were posted over buildings in a number of cities. Warnings were flashed to possible victims. New York police, express company employees, and police of other cities worked feverishly to find all the deadly packages.

Dramatic stories of narrow escapes from death became the order. With them came a number of false scares. For a day or two "bombs" were being found everywhere.

As the excitement died away, with the police and Secret Service pursuing every shadow of a clue, charges and countercharges thundered in the papers. American Fascists accuse enemies of Mussolini of the bomb plot. Making hot denial, the anti-Fascists declare the Fascists themselves are responsible. They brand the plot a fake, and point to the fact that none of the Fascists to whom the bombs were addrest was injured.

DEMAND for a Congressional investigation of the activities of both factions is made by Representative Hamilton Fish of New York. Reds are mentioned in newspaper accounts as being under suspicion, and *The Daily Worker*, of New York, scornfully replies that Communists do not advocate such methods.

Angered, American editors demand quick justice for the perpetrators of the outrage. Many score both Fascists and anti-Fascists for carrying on their battle here.

The five bombs found at Easton, we read, were addrest to the following.

Emanuele Grazzi, Italian Consul-General in New York.

Generoso Pope, wealthy New York Italian newspaper owner, and a friend of Mayor Walker.

Dr. Italo Carlo Falbo, editor of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, New York, one of Mr. Pope's newspapers.

V. Cuto, 514 Neville Street, Pittsburgh, the address of the Italian Vice-Consul.

Natap Mariane, care of the Argentine Consulate, "Baltimore, Va."

INTENDED victims of the five other bombs delivered by express the next day were:

Oscar Durante, vice-president of the Chicago School Board and editor of *L'Italia*, a Fascist publication.

Giuseppe Castruccio, Italian Consul at Chicago.

Count Cesar Buzzi-Gradencio, Italian Consul at Cleveland.

Dr. Atillo Rasapepe, Italian Consular Agent at Youngstown, Ohio.

Count Ugo Berni Canani, Italian Vice-Consul at Detroit.

These five packages, we read, were labeled "table service" or "printers' supplies."

The first to be delivered was that addrest to Count Buzzi-Gradencio, Cleveland. A girl clerk received it from the express

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Acme

Oscar Durante

Dr. I. C. Falbo

Wide World

Generoso Pope

Consul-General Grazzi

International

Consul Castruccio

They Escaped Death in the Bomb Plot—Five of Those to Whom the Deadly Packages Were Addrest

messenger. But the Consul, having read of the Easton blast, became suspicious, the papers tell us. He phoned police, who took the package to an open field and fired at it with a rifle. The explosion tore a hole in the ground about thirty feet in circumference.

Then began the high-pressure hunt for the other bombs. As the New York *Times* dramatically describes it:

"Railway Express officials in Cleveland traced the numbers on the package, saw that it had been sent from New York, and flashed word to the central offices here. F. A. Herling, chief special agent for the company, swung his staff into action, and with the cooperation of Lieut. Charles Newman, head of the Bomb Squad of the New York Police Department, tried to trace the sender.

"It was the eve of the new year, and the clerical force had gone, but Herling put his own men to work, and soon they had the duplicate receipt for the Cleveland package. With it were four other receipts, one for the bomb sent to Detroit, for the two sent to Chicago, and for the one sent to Youngstown.

"It was a dramatic scene in the gloomy little office of the special agent at 250 West Twenty-sixth Street, as the telephones were put into use in a desperate effort to warn the intended victims in Chicago, Detroit, and Youngstown, that the deadly parcels were on their way. The detectives perspired as they spoke into the transmitters, and a few reporters, thrilled by the drama, looked on.

"'How about Detroit?' Herling asked one of his agents.

"'Expect an answer any minute now,' said the agent.

"A few seconds later a tinny voice was dinning in his ear. In the dead silence of the little office almost every one could hear it. It was Detroit. The agent listened intently, and his eyes brightened.

"'Got the one in Detroit,' he shouted triumphantly. 'It's all right there.'

"The whole story came out later. Count Canani, the Italian Vice-Consul, lives at the Hotel Gotham in Detroit. The bomb was delivered there. When the Count was told about it, he refused to accept the package, and it was turned over to the police. They had just received the warning from New York. Last night they took the package to the river bank, built a wood pile around it and set fire to the pile. A roar shook the district as the flames ate through to the dynamite and nitroglycerin."

THESE bombs and those found at Easton were similar in construction, it appears from press accounts. As described to the New York *Herald Tribune* by Lieutenant Newman of the Bomb Squad, each of those found at Easton "was ten inches long, six inches wide, and four inches deep, and weighed six pounds, and looked like a cigar-box made of white wood"—

"Within the box was a jam jar with a tin top, and inside the jar was about two pounds of dynamite pulp impregnated with seventy-proof nitroglycerin. The jar was held by three ordinary curtain-rod hooks, and fastened beside the jar was a four-and-one-half-volt B battery such as was used in old-fashioned radio sets. A wire from the battery ran through a hole in the jar-top to the explosive. Two latches securing the box were arranged to release a spring, which struck a spark from the battery."

"INDIRECT responsibility" for the bomb plot was put on prominent anti-Fascists by Domenico Trombetta, editor of the weekly *Il Grido della Stirpe*, says *The Herald Tribune*.

Retorting, Dr. Charles Fama, prominent anti-Fascist and president of Defenders of the Constitution, wired to Representative Fish, demanding a Congressional investigation of the activities here of both Fascists and anti-Fascists.

The plot, he said, as quoted in the press, was "the diabolical work either of terrorists or Fascist agent provocateurs in order to make Fascists appear as martyrs to their cause."

Agreeing, *Il Martello*, of New York, declares that—

"This most recent campaign of frightfulness, occasioned by the sending of such excellently constructed instruments of death through the mails, is quite consistent with the spirit of cowardice, terror, and fanaticism which marks the methods of Fascisti propaganda."

Mr. Pope, New York newspaper owner, to whom one of the Easton bombs was addrest, warned Italian Americans against "perpetuating here the factional antagonisms of the old country."

As for the American press, it has some hot remarks to make.

"The liberty of America has been abused by the sneaking hell-hounds of Italy," flares the Tulsa *World*. Of course, says *The World*, it would be unjust to accuse all Italian people of being feudists, revolutionists, and bomb-throwers, but "this country must strike back hard at these infamous gangs."

"There is no more villainous crime than murder by the parcel post," asserts the Washington *Evening Star*, and the Columbus, (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun* believes that "if the culprits are caught, no element of mercy should be shown in punishing them." As the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* sums it up:

"It is intolerable that any old-world political quarrels should be transferred here, and particularly so when Americans are killed simply as an incident to the carrying on of the campaign."

Wide World

A Jam Jar, But—

It was jammed with dynamite and nitroglycerin—one of the bombs found at Easton.

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The Hoover Drive on Depression's Western Front

WE ARE "ENGAGED in a great war."

And we are fighting, not "upon a single front, but upon many fronts."

So the President dramatizes the campaign to combat the hard times through his program of emergency legislation directed primarily at the domestic angle of the world-wide depression. Or, we might say, a drive at depression's Western front.

Of course, the President admits in his frank, startling surprize-message following New Year's, this is a world problem, but "we can make a large measure of recovery independent of the rest of the world." And so Mr. Hoover calls for haste in putting into law the proposals he brought before Congress when it opened in December.

They are designed, he says, "to fortify us against continued shocks from world instability, and to unshackle the forces of recovery."

As Congress rushes through some of the chief planks in the Hoover prosperity platform, public sentiment, as represented by the press, very generally endorses the President's call for haste. The loudest applause comes from the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, which declares that "the President has given a demonstration of untiring diligence, of masterly grasp of details, of progressive and positive leadership such as can scarcely be matched in the history of the Republic."

But aside from the merits of the individual proposals, "any definite action is better than delay," insists the New Haven *Register;* "death by strangulation awaits any nation tied hand and foot by a dilatory legislative body when a crisis is upon it." Congress is gently chided by papers like the New York *Times*, New York *Herald Tribune*, Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, and Cleveland *News* for being in session a full month before coming to final action on any of the President's suggestions.

IN the call for haste, the Camden *Courier-Post* finds both "good politics and a merited rebuke":

"Congress has dawdled and delayed on matters of prime interest to squander its time in petty debate—such priceless nonsense as the argument in the Senate over election of a President pro tem.

"Politically, however, this message of the President is a shrewd move.

"In it he clearly aims to shift the responsibility for HIS program to Congress.

"The fact that the Hoover program is inadequate; that the President has all but ignored the problem of unemployment, and that his tax program is inequitable—those things do not excuse Congressional inaction.

"There ARE good points in the Hoover program.

"Congress at least can go forward on them. Subsequently, it can remedy the tragic omissions in that Hoover program.

"The Hoover rebuke is justified. That the President may be tossing his bricks from a glass house does not alter the essential merit of his message."

The glass-house idea is further developed by the Akron *Beacon-Journal:*

"All of the proposals now submitted by Mr. Hoover to Congress would have been no less meritorious if made at least two years ago. Their adoption then would have prevented much of the disaster that has attended the depression, and it would not now be necessary to convert every agency of government into a wrecking crew to lift business and industry out of the ditch."

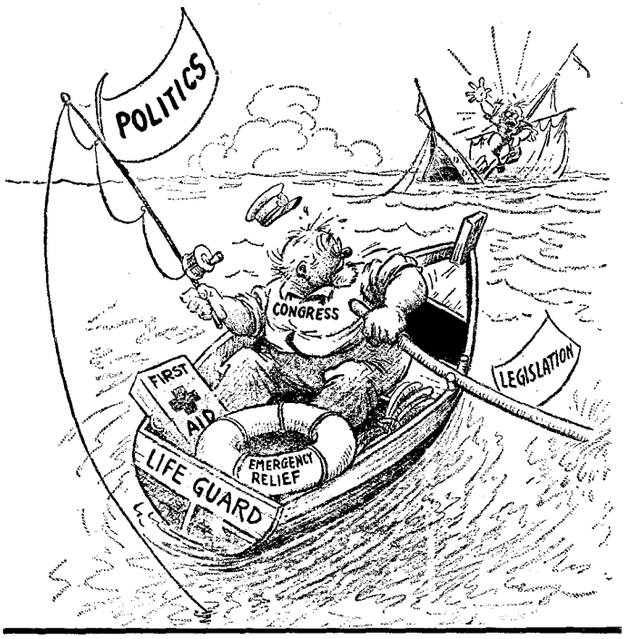
What we might call the Hoover ten points of his recovery program are thus stated in brief by the Associated Press:

1. Strengthening the Federal Land Bank System.
2. Creation of a Reconstruction Finance Corporation.
3. Creation of a system of Home Loan Discount banks.
4. Enlarging the discount facilities of the Federal Reserve banks.
5. Development of a plan to assure quick distribution of deposits in closed banks.
6. Revision of transportation laws to aid railroad finances.
7. Revision of banking laws to safeguard depositors.
8. Drastic economy in expenditures.
9. Adequate increase of taxes.
10. Restriction of issues of Federal securities.

OF course, not all of these proposals seem of equal merit or of equal importance to interested editors. The New York *Journal of Commerce* suggests that:

"If the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is approved speedily and sets to work promptly, other proposals, such as those designed to aid the home-loan market, to bring relief to depositors in closed banks, to assist agriculture, and to help the railways could be examined at greater leisure since the corporation would presumably be able to offer interim protection of these hard-prest groups. Congress should also make haste to strengthen the budgetary position of the Government.

"With so much accomplished, a great deal will have been done to restore confidence in our ability to help ourselves."



Hey! Remember—You're Not on a Pleasure Trip!

—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

AND this criticism comes from the Baltimore *Sun:*

"When President Hoover initially brought forth his program for financial rehabilitation, we ventured the suggestion that he would serve the nation far better to set up two classifications of his measures—those of strictly emergency nature and those designed as permanent changes.

"By his failure to do this, and his lumping of measures of both types into a program on which he urges immediate Congressional action, he creates unnecessary resistances.

"Proper ends would be far better served by centering upon a limited number of essentials of emergency legislation instead of scattering fire over a broad field, which, it would seem from his public statements, he has never explored carefully himself."

The most conspicuous item that merits prompt action, and here *The Sun* speaks for a number of papers, "is the proposed Reconstruction Finance Corporation":

"For this arrangement there is the precedent of the War Finance Corporation, which, with a considerable measure of success, provided emergency support for agricultural credit during the years of violent post-war deflation."

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Speaking of Candidates

THE LONG-AWAITED PRESIDENTIAL YEAR OF 1932 is with us.

It is time for the business of picking candidates to begin in earnest.

And yet the real battle has not begun.

No one has officially announced himself on the Democratic side.

It is assumed in high Republican circles that President Hoover will be renominated. Ex-President Coolidge and ex-Vice-President Dawes have, in their varying manners, declared themselves out of the race.

Among the Democrats there is greater activity, with the formation of clubs for various candidates, none of whom have avowed any Presidential intentions.

But the approach of the primaries for choosing delegates and expressing Presidential preferences helps to stir up discussion wherever people gather. With the idea of finding out what personages appeal to the people as Presidential timber at this early stage of the game, we have asked a hundred representative newspapers to report what Democrats and what Republicans are most talked of in their respective constituencies—all this irrespective of statements that have been made by individuals or by political managers.

Of the seventy newspapers replying, every one of them mentions Hoover as a Republican possibility, and Governor Roosevelt of New York as a Democratic choice.

MOST TALKED-OF FOR PRESIDENT

As reported by seventy representative newspapers.

REPUBLICANS		DEMOCRATS	
President Hoover	70	Franklin D. Roosevelt	70
Calvin Coolidge	43	Newton D. Baker	69
Senator Borah	31	Gov. Ritchie of Maryland	63
Hiram W. Johnson	28	Alfred E. Smith	56
Governor Pinchot	26	Owen D. Young	35
Charles G. Dawes	25	Gov. Wm. H. Murray	30
Senator Norris	24	Senator Joe T. Robinson	19
Senator La Follette	8	James Hamilton Lewis	13
Vice-President Curtis	5	Governor White of Ohio	13
Senator James E. Watson	5	Harry F. Byrd	13
N. M. Butler	4	James A. Reed	12
Patrick J. Hurley	3	John Garner	12
Frank O. Lowden	3	Melvin A. Traylor	12
Senator Couzens	3	William G. McAdoo	11
Theodore Roosevelt	2	Cordell Hull	8
Senator Brookhart	2	Senator Bulkley of Ohio	4
James W. Wadsworth	1	A. Harry Moore	4
Samuel Seabury	1	John W. Davis	4
Governor Emmerson of Illinois	1	Governor Bryan of Nebraska	3
Joseph I. France	1	James M. Cox	3
Senator Nye	1	Carter Glass	2
Senator James J. Davis	1	Josephus Daniels	2
Ogden Mills	1	Samuel Seabury	2
Senator Fess	1	Henry T. Rainey	1
Judge William S. Kenyon	1	Senator Alben W. Barkley	1
William R. Wood	1	Dan Moody	1
Senator David A. Reed	1	A. Vic Donahey	1
		Senator Mathew M. Neely	1
		Will Rogers	1
		Evans Woollen	1
		Senator Burton K. Wheeler	1
		Senator Pat Harrison	1
		Senator Thos. F. Walsh	1
		Henry F. Ashurst	1
		Mayor Cermak of Chicago	1

Incidentally, among the Democrats, only one editor fails to mention Newton D. Baker. Ritchie comes close behind, failing of mention by only seven papers; then in order come Alfred E. Smith, Owen D. Young, Governor Murray of Oklahoma, Senator Robinson of Arkansas, Senator James Hamilton Lewis, Gov. George White of Ohio, former Gov. Harry Byrd of Virginia, Ex-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, Speaker Garner of the House of Representatives, Melvin A. Traylor, the Chicago banker, and William G. McAdoo. And twenty more deserving Democrats receive from one to half a dozen votes apiece.

A LARGE number of editors take Mr. Hoover's renomination for granted. In fact, nineteen of them mention no other Republican name. Calvin Coolidge comes next to the President in the Republican talk, being mentioned by about two-thirds of the newspapers. The other Republicans receiving more than scattering notice are Ambassador Dawes, Senator Borah, Hiram Johnson, Governor Pinchot, and Senator Norris. A score of others receive scattering notice.

In Coolidge territory, the Republican Springfield *Union* makes the definite statement: "Coolidge does not choose to run or be run." Similarly the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.) observes "there was a good deal of talk about Coolidge before he took limself out of the running." But "there is still much uncrystallized sentiment for Coolidge," the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Ind.) reports. Republicans in Oregon, says the Portland *Oregonian* (Rep.), take Hoover's nomination for granted—"dissatisfaction trends toward party defection and not toward alternative nomination."

The Democratic papers of the South all take Hoover's renomination for granted. But as for his election! Well, the Montgomery *Advertiser* puts it this way: "Everywhere it is assumed that he will be renominated, and generally believed that he can be beaten."

ON this question of the inevitability of the Hoover renomination, the Rockford *Register-Republic*, which happens to be owned by Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, raises this point in its editorial columns:

"A good beginning for the Republican party this year would be a resolution to stop saying, 'In accordance with a time-honored custom we shall, of course, have to renominate the President,' and begin to say, 'Who is the best man in the United States, in this crisis, to nominate for the biggest job Uncle Sam ever tackled?'"

The still more pointed question is asked: "Should a political habit be permitted to defeat the Republican party?" Some one simply "had to" raise this question, comments the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.): "it is under the tongue of every politician." The New York paper, which has already come out for Hoover, continues:

"That it is not more in the open is due to two facts: first, the conviction that no one could 'stop' Mr. Hoover, and, second, the doubt that any Republican can be elected. The only possible way to change the situation would be a hard-hitting campaign in the Presidential primary States, such as Roosevelt gave Taft in 1912. But Mr. Hoover is fortunate enough to have in the field no one willing to undertake that thankless job."

THE discussion of Baker and Roosevelt reveals the country-wide interest in their expected candidacies. The Sioux City *Tribune* (Rep.) in Iowa reminds us of its poll in which "Roosevelt ran 20 to 1 as Democratic choice; the Mid-West seeks a progressive." The Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) reports the general opinion that "Roosevelt will carry most of the Southern States for the nomination, and every one of them if nominated." In its Rocky Mountain region, the Helena *Independent* (Dem.) of Montana hears of Roosevelt as the favorite, Baker as the dark horse, and Ritchie as being backed by wet sentiment. "The favorite Democratic candidate hereabouts," says the Springfield *Union* (Rep.) in the Connecticut Valley, "is Smith, with Roosevelt as an alternative without enthusiasm," and "probably most of the Smith admirers would make Baker their second choice."

While Roosevelt, Baker, and Ritchie are the most discust Democratic candidates in Connecticut, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* (Ind.) says that on the Democratic side Connecticut is "open-minded" and will probably "follow the Smith lead." Speaking of the Democrats, the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* (Dem.) remarks: "If the drys want a candidate of their own, they have so far kept it a secret." But in California the San Francisco *Chronicle* says that "among the drys only the name of McAdoo is mentioned."

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Free Wheat—A Blessing or a Danger?

FREE WHEAT FOR HUNGRY MEN AND BEASTS. A blessing—or merely the dole in disguise?

The Senate passes a resolution, introduced by Senator pper (Rep., Kan.), providing for the distribution among the edy of 40,000,000 bushels of wheat from the stores of the rm Board.

Judge John Barton Payne, seventy-six-year-old chairman of American Red Cross, accepts for his organization the re- nsibility of distributing those llions of bushels of wheat to hungry, suggesting that the t of milling, cleaning, proc- ing be paid for out of the -products. He estimates the t of milling at $5,000,000.

"It's a dole!" objects Sen- r Robinson (Dem., Ark.), nority leader, claiming that re is no essential difference ween wheat and money. here is no disguising this. It l cost the Federal Govern- nt $16,000,000."

"This is opening the door and ablishes a dangerous prece- nt," objects Senator Walsh em., Mass.).

"But we ought not to deny m this little bit of aid," ads Senator Copeland (Dem., Y.). And so, the bill was ssed with various amend- nts—amendments summa- ed by *The United States Daily* Washington) as setting aside 00,000 bushels for use in ding animals in the drought- icken area, providing for distribution of some of the wheat ong Indians as wards of the Government, and guarding ainst use of the wheat in payment of transportation or mill- g charges by organizations accepting it.

The Washington *News*, editorial spokesman for the Scripps- ward chain of some twenty-two influential newspapers, ad- ts that free wheat is no panacea, but feels that it is decidedly onstructive measure:

"It will help; it will prevent starvation; it will prove to the untry that in Congress are representatives who know and derstand the plight of the jobless, and who are willing to help em.

"Such action will, we hope, infuse new hope in a deprest coun- y. It will help fill empty stomachs; it will cure some of the sappointment of the country in the inactivity of Congress and e Administration up to now. It will aid farmers and thus lp general business conditions by disposing of part of the wheat rplus,' which is depressing prices."

STRANGELY enough, few papers are pleased with this plan to stribute free wheat to relieve the pangs of hunger. Senator orah, as reported by Arthur Brisbane in the Hearst papers, lieves that the Government should buy wheat "from farmers at still have on hand 53 per cent. of last year's crops."

This conviction is reiterated by the Wichita *Beacon*, which oices the dissatisfaction of the Kansas wheat growers. The apper plan, this daily asserts in an editorial telegraphed to HE LITERARY DIGEST, would depress the wheat market instead relieving it. Congress has failed to consider problems of transportation and distribution of the surplus wheat, cries this Kansas organ, which adds sarcastically:

"Even the wise Congress has no facilities for grinding the wheat into flour and baking it into bread.

"By the time the wheat reached the needy, they would have died of hunger, or have solved their own problems without Congressional aid."

The metropolitan New York *Times* likewise gibes at the whole scheme. "'Twould be a dole!" says the Troy *Times*, insisting that good intentions are not sufficient for wise legislation.

Acme

Troops of King Hunger's Army Trek to Washington

Nearly 15,000 jobless men left Pittsburgh in a caravan of 600 automobiles and trucks, to appeal to President Hoover and Congress to relieve their distress. This army was named "Cox's Army" because it was marshaled and mobilized by Rev. James R. Cox, a Roman Catholic priest. Fifteen truckloads of bread were in the motor caravan to appease the hunger of the jobless marchers. Coffee and soup were served along the line of march by sympathetic civic organizations.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* points to "one unfortunate defect" of the program. "It does not help the farmer who is supposed to be the beneficiary of the stabilizing policies that have resulted in the impounding of the wheat." Furthermore:

"If wheat distributed among the needy satisfied the requirements of individuals who otherwise go hungry an argument in favor of the Capper proposal might be supported.

"To a certain extent the wheat shipped to China by the Farm Board probably did represent sales that did not take the place of alternative outlets of privately owned wheat. Such, however, is not the situation in the domestic market.

"In brief, the giving away of commodities that are ordinarily bought and sold inevitably tends to demoralize prices, and there is no way of escaping the consequences.

"That fact is not an irrefutable argument against such giving, but it is certainly an argument against the kind of self-deception that some of our Senators indulge in when they periodically resolve to give away the hoarded supplies of the Farm Board."

BUT, in the face of all this, William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, in Senator Capper's State, praises the plan as "a good, sound economic measure"—

"The bill reduces by a substantial chunk the big American wheat carry-over which now threatens to crush the farmer's market next summer when he sells his grain.

"The wheat will be distributed to people who otherwise would not be able to pay for it, displacing not a bushel of wheat from the market."

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Chicago Teetering on the Precipice

AGONIZED CHICAGO WRITHES in another financial paroxysm while the country looks on sympathetically, fearfully.

Can America's second largest city survive?

How can it be saved from the economic anemia which, after afflicting it for several years, now becomes acute?

Other cities, notably Philadelphia, suffering from the same disease, are watching Chicago anxiously for a possible clue to their own fate.

Desperately the lake metropolis has been struggling to cure itself. But remedy after remedy has failed. Recently there

The Charge Was Too Heavy

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

has been talk of a receivership. There has been talk, too, of something even more astounding—closing the public schools for six months or a year, turning 500,000 children out of classes to save the city from bankruptcy.

To that proposal 14,000 long-suffering school-teachers return a thunderous "no." Unpaid since last April except for two emergency checks, according to the Chicago papers, they launched an intensive, city-wide campaign to force the Illinois Legislature to find some way to save the situation. Twenty million dollars in salaries is owing to these 14,000 teachers and to 4,000 other school employees, we read. What they have suffered as they stuck to their posts is hinted at by the Chicago *Tribune*—"exhausted credit, homes forfeited for taxes, lapsed insurance, unpaid doctors' bills, and debts to loan sharks."

But if the worst should happen, forcing the city to close the schools, instruction will be given the children by radio, says the United Press correspondent. "For families without radios, neighborhood groups would be formed."

JUST at the turn of the year, we read, Chicago's plight became acute. The "taxpayers' strike," continuing over several years, had left the city treasury empty. A special drive to sell tax warrants had raised enough money to give the teachers a two-weeks' pay-check for Christmas. The special Legislative session had adjourned without passing any relief measure. Mayor Cermak, Governor Emmerson, and other city and State leaders, were conferring on a plan to end the taxpayers' strike by setting up new tax machinery.

Then came the blow—anticipated but nevertheless stunning On the last day of the year, County Judge Jarecki upheld striking taxpayers by ruling that assessment rolls for 1928 and 1929 were fraudulent and invalid.

"His ruling means," writes the Chicago correspondent of the Associated Press, "that $140,000,000 owed in back taxes can not be collected until a reassessment can be completed or a successful appeal brought."

Agreeing with real-estate taxpayers that personal property had not paid its just share of taxes, Judge Jarecki declared that evidence of fraud swept into his court "like a blizzard that blocked every avenue of escape"—

"For many years past the Board of Assessors arbitrarily and deliberately removed hundreds of millions of dollars of taxable personal property from the assessment rolls of the county.

"Personalty aggregating approximately $15,000,000,000 was omitted from taxation by the boards by being unlawfully, intentionally, and systematically omitted from the assessment rolls of 1928 and 1929, and many years prior thereto."

"The court urged," adds the Associated Press correspondent "that those taxpayers who felt themselves aggrieved by exorbitant taxes tender whatever they considered fair, and file objections to the balance."

Important developments followed fast, the newspaper reflecting the spirit behind them.

"Chicago and Cook County enter the new year confronted with financial chaos and bankruptcy," declared the Chicago *Daily News*, calling for the adjournment of partizan politics "in the actual presence of a threat of the immediate suspension of every vital service rendered by municipal and county government to a community of over four million people." Then—

"Any men, or groups of men, who longer permit partizan or personal considerations to influence their actions—and this applies peculiarly to members of the Cook County delegation in the Legislature—should be treated as public enemies."

THE Cook County delegation in the State Legislature lined up behind a plan of legislative action which aimed to restore public confidence and end the taxpayers' strike. This plan, we read, was to abolish the elective boards of assessors and review. In their place, the Governor and the President of the County Board would each name one member of a new board of review and a single assessor.

Moving swiftly, Mayor Cermak succeeded in putting through the City Council "the most drastic pay slash in Chicago's history," affecting every city employee and ranging up to 2 per cent.

On the eve of the new Legislative session, on January 5 35,000 citizens, including 8,000 school-teachers, staged a mass meeting in the Chicago stadium to demand prompt and effective relief.

Black as the cloud is, something like a silver lining is found by the Chicago *Tribune:*

"In one respect, perhaps, Chicago may count itself fortunate.

"It is the first of the great cities in the country to become acutely aware of its follies and errors. The sister cities are moving as rapidly as they can toward bankruptcy.

"New York City, for example, is finding the money-lender increasingly cool to its proposals to borrow, and if New York persists in its present course, will discover that the bankers will not lend because the taxpayers can not pay back what has been borrowed.

"Perhaps Chicago, being first in grave difficulties, will be first to recover. That is a hope which will be reenforced if public officials in drafting the budgets for 1932 show that they have learned their lesson. The scale of expenditures of recent years must be forgotten. The riot of spending must be ended. The budgets of 1932 must be patterned on those of fifteen years ago."

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The Japanese Assault on Our Consul

BLOOD DROPT FROM HIS WOUNDED FACE.

But the heavy fur cap worn by Culver B. Chamberlain that bitter cold Sunday dawn had protected his head from serious injury at the hands of those enraged Japanese.

Had he resisted, he told himself, they would have shot him.

He had set out from the American Consulate in Mukden to catch an early-morning train for Harbin, to begin his duties as Consul there. With a Chinese chauffeur, the car of the American Consul-General Myrl S. Myers, with an American flag as its insignia, was proceeding in semidarkness toward the railroad station, when it was brought to an abrupt stop by Japanese sentries.

Mr. Chamberlain, dispatches from Manchuria inform us, found himself staring into the leveled rifles of three Japanese soldiers. In execrable Chinese, a language the American Consul understands thoroughly, an interpreter fired a volley of questions at him.

Then, according to the account sent to the New York *Times* by Hallett Abend, his diplomatic passport, his official card, the number of the car, the flag of the United States, the consular insignia proved of no avail. Mr. Abend cables the Consul's version to *The Times:*

"He asked by what authority he was being detained, and asked for the interpreter's name or his card.

"This brought only sneers and jeers, whereupon Mr. Chamberlain alighted.

"The sentries pointed their rifles at him. When he protested, the interpreter aimed a blow at his head, and Mr. Chamberlain partly dodged.

"'Discretion seeming the better part of valor, I reentered the motor-car,' reads Mr. Chamberlain's memorandum.

"Then one sentry poked a rifle through the door, aiming at him, and the interpreter three times rained blows on his head and face.

"Mr. Chamberlain did not resist, he said, except to try to shield his face with his arms.

"By this time Mr. Chamberlain was bleeding from several facial cuts, but the other soldier began beating him when the interpreter desisted."

Acme

He Was Mauled in Mukden

United States Consul Culver B. Chamberlain finds himself in the international spotlight after being beaten up by Japanese soldiers.

A MAN of slight build, a mild-mannered scholar of the Chinese language, whose ten years in the consular service have been spent entirely in the Orient, Mr. Chamberlain returned to the Consulate, and there prepared a memorandum of the incident.

That happened early Sunday morning, January 3. Monday's papers published lengthy and indignant accounts of the breach of international good manners. Japan offered formal regrets to Mr. Myers, our Consul-General, to Mr. Chamberlain, who valiantly went on to Harbin, to our Department of State in Washington.

On Tuesday, Ambassador Debuchi called at Secretary of State Stimson's office. The State Department explained to the diplomat, we read, that the case could not be closed until a full report on the assault had been received from Manchuria.

While the American press warns us against "gross magnification" of the incident, ill-concealed resentment and indignation against Nipponese arrogance in Manchuria creeps into the cables of such first-hand observers of the Manchurian drama as Edward Hunter, skilled observer for the International News Service (Hearst), and Hallett Abend, of the New York *Times*.

Replying to the explanation given out from the headquarters of General Honjo, Japanese commander in Manchuria, to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain had been "arrogant and provocative," Mr. Abend cables to *The Times:*

"All foreigners resident in Mukden have been subjected for months to the truculence of Japanese sentries. This correspondent was returning to his hotel with United States Vice-Consul John Hubner at 10:30 one night, when the automobile was challenged and stopt by four sentries, leveling rifles and fixt bayonets.

"They jerked open both doors of the automobile, shoved their bayonets inside and turned flash-lights on the faces of the occupants in a manner that was disagreeably gruff and overbearing.

"An incident similar to the beating of Mr. Chamberlain had long been feared by Mukden foreign residents."

THE Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* is amazed at the speed with which the news of that daybreak assault girdled the globe, the immediacy of its investigation by Tokyo authorities, and the promptitude with which "regrets" have been proffered to all concerned. Nevertheless:

"This incident bears out the general impression that the Japanese have been acting with highhandedness and recklessness in Manchuria.

"It is recalled that Tokyo once became wrought up over a statement mistakenly attributed to Secretary of State Stimson that the Japanese Army was running amuck.

"Even tho the Secretary did not use those exact words, he said enough to indicate that he was thinking in that direction, and this latest incident but adds to the evidence that he was right."

While counseling this country to moderation and control, the Baltimore *Sun* sees in the Mukden assault the "inflamed tempers" and "nerves on edge" of the Japanese in Manchuria:

"That they were soldiers is far from meaning that they in any way 'represented' their country or public feeling, or even their military leaders. The general excitement and tenseness moved them in a moment of utter heedlessness to commit an irrational act for which their Government has promptly exprest regret."

A special poll of the Japanese-American press indicates loyal concurrence with the official Japanese attitude as exprest by Ambassador Debuchi in Washington. The Los Angeles *Japanese Daily News* notes:

"Should there be any grievance as regards Mr. Chamberlain's conduct, there are many ways of protest other than violence. An isolated incident of this kind ought to be accounted for with adequate disciplines upon the offenders."

The Japanese-American News of San Francisco is more explicit and outspoken:

"Japan has everything to lose and nothing to gain in provoking even a semblance of ill-will of the United States at this hour of crisis, when Japan needs all the sympathy she can obtain from America.

"It is quite probable that this incident, greatly exaggerated by the press, began with a little misunderstanding on both sides.

"We can easily imagine how a slight misunderstanding created by the difference in American and Japanese view-point regarding good manners should put flame to this deplorable incident, around which the American war correspondents are brandishing their tomahawks and dancing in glee."

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What Finland's Wet Vote Says to Us

DOES FINLAND'S EMPHATIC REJECTION of Prohibition after a twelve years' trial mean anything to the United States, which is now the only nation retaining a seat on the water-wagon?

Finnish reaction to this Prohibition referendum will be found on page 15.

Here some observers note that in the Finnish referendum the vote for repeal is virtually the same per cent. of the total as were the combined repeal and modification vote in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S 1930 Prohibition poll.

Turning first to the comment of our dry leaders and papers, we find them in the main emphasizing the differences rather than the similarities between Finland's case and ours. The Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, however, chairman of The Allied Forces for Prohibition, admits that "the result will be a great encouragement to our friends, the opposition, here," but adds that it also will serve as a "whiplash" to stir our drys to greater efforts.

"It will have no effect whatever in America," declares Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, author of the Eighteenth Amendment. Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, attributes Finland's abandonment of the Prohibition experiment to "a concerted effort on the part of the liquor trade in various European countries to break down the Finnish law by wholesale smuggling," and to "the deplorable economic situation in Finland"; and he predicts that "a brief experience with a restored, legalized liquor trade will prompt a return to Prohibition."

Melodrama in the Cold North Country

—Rose in the Boston "Herald."

OUR dry papers comment in much the same vein. Finland's change of heart "can have no direct bearing upon Prohibition in this country except to give the wets encouragement and cause them to push with renewed vigor their demands for a referendum," says the Burlington *Hawkeye*. *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) points out that Finland, surrounded by wet nations, had the same insuperable difficulty in keeping dry that a dry State in this country would have if we "returned to local option or government sale." Therefore, it argues, "far from beckoning America to the path of repeal, Finland's experience shows the leading wet 'substitute' for Prohibition to be a blind alley." Finland's long, jagged coast line, points out the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, "puts her at the mercy of smugglers, and makes the difficulties of enforcement even greater than in this country." "One of the primary issues in the campaign preceding the referendum was that of government revenues," the Troy *Record* reminds us; and it adds:

"In discussing the Finnish referendum as it might relate to repealing procedure in this country the fact must be kept in mind that such a plebiscite here would be nothing more than an expression of public opinion, that Prohibition will prevail in the United States until at least thirty-six commonwealths of the Union repeal the Eighteenth Amendment."

"The relative vastness of our own country will not permit of reading a truly prophetic lesson from the experience of Finland," says the Portland *Oregonian*, but it agrees with the Brooklyn *Eagle*, that eventually we, too, must submit the Prohibition question to "another expression of the popular will." Says *The Eagle*:

"Finland is a democratic country and has treated this issue in a democratic manner by submitting it to a popular referendum. That is the way it should be handled. Many American Prohibitionists now regard a referendum here as the best way to end our long controversy over this question."

TO those of our citizens who never believed in Prohibition, and to those who have now lost faith in it, Finland's vote seems freighted with encouragement and hope. Says Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment:

"The action of the Finnish people leaves the United States as the only Prohibition country in the world until our Congress decides to allow the American people to vote on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. As soon as that permission is accorded to us, we Americans will vote for repeal just as the Finns have voted, and the first of all the many benefits will be a revenue for our Government of a billion dollars a year for a leg-up out of hard times and high taxes."

"Finland's rejection of Prohibition after a long trial can be interpreted in no way except as a body-blow at the world-wide movement for the outlawing of liquor," remarks the Greenville *Piedmont;* and in the New York *Times* we read:

"The country of the Suomi has thus joined the procession of States which have experimented with Prohibition and abandoned it. All of the Canadian Provinces except Quebec have had their try at it, some of them as far back as twenty-five years ago. They have all returned to State control, British Columbia and Ontario being among the recent converts. Norway in 1919 prohibited beverages with an alcoholic content of more than 14 per cent. This was raised to 21 per cent. in 1923 for the purpose of conciliating French trade, but in 1926 all restrictions were removed. Soviet Russia lost little time in doing away with Prohibition enacted by the Czar as a war measure."

"OF all the countries that have tried Prohibition, the United States is the only one that has not yet voted to repeal it," notes the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*. "It is high time the American people had an opportunity to speak on Prohibition," declares the Camden *Courier-Post*. To quote this New Jersey daily further:

"When THE LITERARY DIGEST took its poll in this country, all sorts of efforts were made to discount the emphatic wet majority. And because the poll was not official, even tho it was conducted with unimpeachable impartiality, those 'explanations' carried a certain share of doubtful opinion.

"The Finnish Government knows where the people stand.

"The United States Government does not know the will of the public on Prohibition.

"Nor do most of the dry officials in power want any official expression of public opinion.

"They fear, with cause, a sweeping repudiation, similar to that which has taken place in Finland."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

ET's make 1932 a Leap Year Upward.—*Christian Science nitor.*

IMMY WALKER seems to be New York's mayor-go-round.—*o State Journal.*

N fact, Nippon doesn't want a thing in Manchuria, just like didn't in Korea.—*Dallas News.*

HINA never knew how many bandits she had until Japan ted into Manchuria.—*Louisville Times.*

NYWAY, the piled-up public-bond issues indicate that terity never will be out of a job.—*Macon News.*

'THE hatpin has finally disappeared," says a writer. That's triumph of disarmament.—*Passing Show* (*London*).

N old lady in Missouri has written her first novel at the age seventy. We trust this will set an example for many other hors.—*Life.*

HE new Premier says Japan doesn't covet a foot of Manria. Well, Uncle Sam no longer ets Texas.—*Birmingham News.*

T seems that the only protecn this country has against gang-s is gangsters.—*Thomaston* (*Ga.*) *nes*

HAT distrait appearance that ll Street wears these days is not ign of wool-gathering.—*Norfolk ginian-Pilot.*

T isn't right that a generation t had no part in the war should e to pay for it—unless they're ericans.—*Tucson Citizen.*

T is yet too early to tell how ch indemnity China must pay stopping so many Japanese lets.—*Calgary* (*Alta.*) *Herald.*

HE Chinese are a stubborn lot. pan has butchered 9,465, and l the others refuse to buy Japae goods.—*Illinois State-Register.*

HERE was a falling-off of over hundred and eleven million kels in transit fares here last ar, showing an alarming increase in pedestrianism. Everyly walks but the ghost.—*The New Yorker.*

'INCOME-TAX inspectors are very much alive." declares a ter. It just shows what forgiving people we taxpayers are.—*e Humorist* (*London*).

HENRY FORD says adversity is good for us, which is just what mother used to tell us about castor oil, and she didn't taste it either.—*Newark News.*

ACCORDING to the space given in the papers to the game, erica seems to be trying to bridge over this depression.—*ai B'rith Messenger* (*Los Angeles*).

ACCORDING to a political writer there are still several counes which have not yet adopted income-tax. Any of them adopt ours with pleasure.—*Punch* (*London*).

BUT if the national income is only 24 billions, and crime costs billion, fires 5 billion, accidents 3 billion, and Government billion, how do we pay for gas?—*San Diego Tribune.*

IN Yorkshire recently there was rain, hail, sleet, and snow, under, lightning, and a gale all in one day. Evidently somedy had been rash enough to organize a winter picnic.—*Pass Show.*

THE old effort used to be to keep the boys on the farm. The w problem is how to board and keep the boys on the farm ter they have come back broke from where they've been.—*ston Herald.*

Walking the Floor Again

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh "Post-Gazette."

THE ultimate consumer is the worm.—*Kingston* (*Ont.*) *Whig-Standard.*

AH, well; it takes a high spot on both sides to make a depression.—*Peoria Star.*

WHAT's the use of so much merging unless it results in emerging?—*Weston* (*Ore.*) *Leader.*

SEVEN football stars in Congress. From pigskin, you might say, to pork-barrel.—*Fresno Republican.*

THE length of time they stay married depends largely on what they married for.—*Chatham* (*Ont.*) *News.*

PREMIER MACDONALD says that the world's war debts are outrageous and unthinkable. But so was the war.—*Life.*

THE same apparatus that heats the American home will keep it cool in the future, says a heating engineer. Ha, ha. It does.—*Detroit News.*

IF the Japanese demand the right to chase bandits out of places, why not give 'em Chicago to play with?—*San Diego Union.*

BEGINS to look as tho it was an economic error to allow Germany to lose the war. — *Weston Leader.*

THE depression is like a postage-stamp: It has to be licked if it is going to be sent away.—*Louisville Times.*

AN Indiana professor gives football only ten more years as a major sport. Perhaps his college will do better next season.—*Life.*

IT's good sense, good business, and good science to cheer up and be merry. After all, it's gravity that keeps things down.—*Boston Herald.*

A TAME fox and a rooster have become great friends on a farm near Colchester. The inevitable combination of brush and comb.—*The Humorist.*

IF it is really true that the elephant never forgets, its recollection of the full-dinner-pail promise is going to worry it a whole lot in this year's campaign.—*Louisville Times.*

"EUROPE is willing to forgive and forget." Willing to forgive old Uncle Shylock for lending her money, and forget all about it.—*Macon Telegraph.*

IT is predicted that the forthcoming spring-style ladies' dresses will fasten in the back. Another coast-to-coast hook-up to annoy us.—*Thomaston Times.*

BECAUSE she escaped punishment after foisting the kimono upon the civilized world, Japan has had the notion she could get away with anything.—*Ohio State Journal.*

LISTENING to Pa after his study of post-Christmas finances, you'd sort of wonder who ever had the absurd idea of putting the words, bill and coo, together.—*Boston Herald.*

RUSSIA'S Five-Year Plan is now exactly three years old. Which gives our editorial writers two more years to disagree with each other about what's happening over there.—*Judge.*

ONE of the Washington observers predicts a hot fight on Muscle Shoals. With all the new problems around, it must be a relief to Congress to turn back to a reliable old puzzle.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

UNCLE SAM says he's going to borrow $1,300,000,000 at 3¼ per cent. A billion and three hundred million at three and a quarter, just like that. The old boy seems sure of himself. We'd like to know his method.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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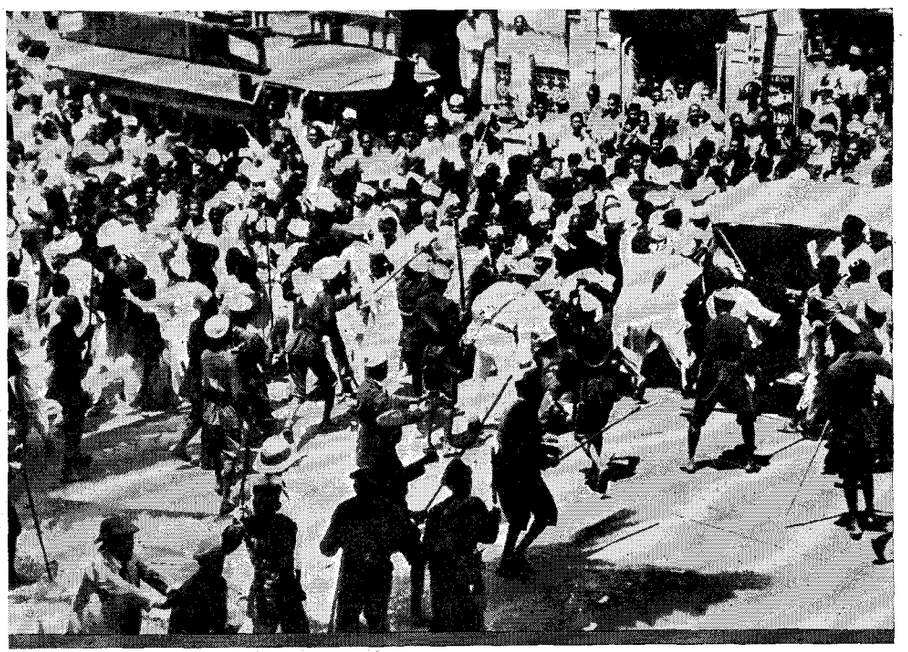
FOREIGN COMMENT

New Bloodshed and Turmoil in India

THE RENEWED CONFLICT between India's Nationalist millions and the British Government came to a head with the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi and other leaders of the Nationalists.

Riots broke out all over India between the Nationalists and the police. Three Gandhi adherents were killed and scores injured in disturbances in Allahabad and Bombay, and press cables tell of similar clashes in Calcutta, where five were hurt, and Cawnpore, where eighteen were injured.



International Newsreel photograph

How They Manage a Nationalist Mob in India

The procedure of Indian policemen making Nationalist disturbers move on again becomes a frequent occurrence since the imprisonment of Mahatma Gandhi and his leading adherents.

Terrorist outrages continued in Bengal, where the British Government has put into force repressive ordinances, already reported in these pages. At Allahabad, foot and mounted police blocked a procession of the All-India National Congress, which had been forbidden by the District Magistrate.

The demonstrators were directed to disperse. On the refusal of their leaders to obey, we learn from Allahabad dispatches, they were arrested. The police, after separating the women, tried to scatter the crowd with their *lathis* (staves).

SPECTATORS who thronged the footpaths suffered the most, we are told, as they were crusht in the by-lanes.

These new "fires of suffering," as Gandhi calls them, broke out when the Viceroy, the Earl of Willingdon, rejected Gandhi's proposal that he would restrain India from another civil disobedience campaign if the Viceroy agreed to have an interview with him to discuss the above-mentioned ordinances of the Government to repress terrorism. Gandhi's proposal was rejected by Lord Willingdon, upon which Gandhi said:

"The nation must respond to the Government's challenge. It is to be hoped, however, that while people of all classes and creeds will courageously and in all humility go through the fiery ordeal, considering no price too dear and no sufferings too great, they will observe the strictest non-violence in thought, word, and deed."

At three o'clock in the morning of January 4, police officials quietly awoke Gandhi in his patriarchal tent on the roof of an Indian tenement, where he had been expecting arrest durir three days and nights. The warrant specified no charge again him, but merely ordered his arrest, "for good and sufficie reasons."

Bombay dispatches tell us that it was his "day of silence when the warrant arrived, and he was able only to smile the police after reading it. A half-hour was allowed hi to bid good-by to Mrs. Gandhi and Mira Bai, the Englis born Miss Madeline Slade—daughter of a deceased Britis Admiral—and to his Congress ass ciates.

Then he followed the policeme meekly to a car, carrying a litt bundle containing books, clothes, ar food. An hour later Gandhi ar Vallabahi Patel, President of the A India Congress, were being hurri to Yerovda Jail, near Poona, whe Gandhi was imprisoned during tl 1930 Nationalist struggle.

The Nationalists declared a harta or day of mourning, throughor India and Burma in protest again Gandhi's arrest. Thousands of stor all over India were closed. Tl Government's action was almo simultaneous with new calls to Ind issued by Gandhi for a boycott on a British goods. In retaliation to tl boycott, some Bombay correspo dents expect that the Governme will confiscate all cars, houses, tel graphic and railway facilities co trolled by the Indian Nationali Congress or its members. This pr gram, it is said, would leave the without revenue.

Among cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from th press in India, we find this ringing defense of the Indian lead in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika:*

"Gandhi really was sincere up to the last moment in his effor at cooperation. The fight is not over ordinances, but over th broader constitutional issue of India's freedom. Gandhi arrest is the crowning act in the bankruptcy of statesmanship.

BUT a very different point of view is revealed in a cabled ed torial from the London *Times:*

"The Mahatma Gandhi found the forces behind him and i front of him plainly grown beyond his control, and he is probabl more than contented to see what a little martyrdom could d Certainly his arrest was carried out among those scenes of chee fulness on his own part and weeping on the part of his devote followers, which has become a familiar feature of these recurrer and rather tedious episodes in the Mahatma's career.

"What the Government has done is not to issue a challeng but to meet an intolerable claim. Nor have they forgotten tha maintenance of order, tho an essential condition of advance, not itself any solution of the Indian problem.

"There never has been anything incongruous between th determined prosecution of the goal of Indian self-governmer and the firm repression of lawlessness by the Government."

To the Laborite London *Daily Herald*, the arrest of Gandl "shows the mood in which the Government is minded to dea with its problem." Yet, the question is asked: "Is this nc precisely that bad 'old way' against the follies and dangers c

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which the Prime Minister himself warned the Round Table delegates so few weeks ago?"

In a cabled editorial from Britain's foremost Liberal organ, the Manchester *Guardian*, we read:

"The Government of India may or may not have been well advised to arrest Gandhi and to issue ordinances designed to crush the Congress, but beyond question, by doing so they have reversed the policy adopted by Lord Irwin when he was Viceroy. That policy rested upon the assumption that the cooperation of the Congress in the task of drawing up a workable all-India Federal Constitution was practicable, and indeed essential.

"The Delhi pact is now ended, and so is all prospect of the Congress cooperating in the work of a round-table conference. There is war between the Government and the Congress instead of cooperation. No doubt the Government can win the war, altho they may have to do a number of disagreeable things in doing so.

"What then? In one of his speeches Lord Irwin pointed out that there is little point in restoring order in India if it meant making India a desert. Cooperation with a politically conscious India is possible only on a basis of a real intent to give them what they want when they want it.

"Without such cooperation there can not be a Constitution in India, but only an autocratic alien government. We ought to have chosen between dictatorship and real cooperation. But we offered no such choice, and we are in danger of pursuing a confusion of policies which will not lead to peace."

Finland's Next Step in Drinking

A WILD NEW YEAR'S EVE celebration rang out the old order of Prohibition in Finland where the final figures of the referendum vote show 70.5 per cent. for repeal, 28.1 per cent. for retention, and 1.4 per cent. for modification of the dry law.

For the first time in twelve years bottles of liquor appeared New Year's Eve on tables in restaurants, Helsingfors press cables relate, "replacing the tea-pots which used to be favorite containers for these beverages."

Students roamed the streets gaily, or leaned from decorated automobiles to "offer a drink to each policeman they met." The policemen smiled, we are told, but made no arrests. The bootleggers were making their last stand, and had brought huge quantities of liquor into Helsingfors the day before.

But after the celebration comes the grave task of Finland's legislators to carry out the mandate of the referendum, and to find a new means to govern the liquor traffic. A government-controled organization is forecast, which alone would have the right to import and trade in alcoholic beverages.

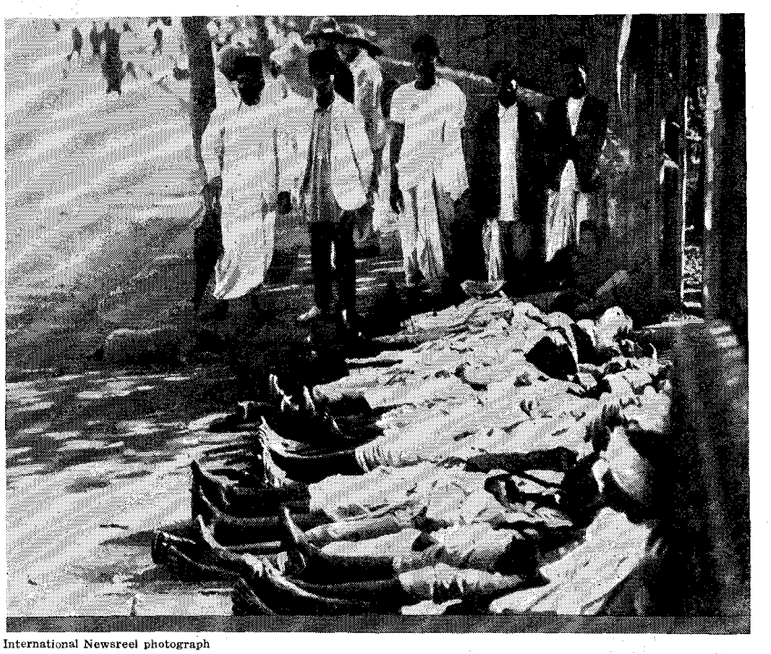
A special session of Parliament was called for January 19 to act on a bill for the repeal of Prohibition. Ordinarily, the repeal bill would have been introduced at the regular Parliamentary session beginning February 1. The reason for the changed course, say Helsingfors press dispatches, is that Parliament, sitting in extraordinary session, will be unable to postpone the final decision on the drink problem until after the next general election. In an ordinary session one-third of the members could do so. The dry press, it appears, had hinted that the drys might produce such a minority among the most radical representatives, as only 67 votes of the 200 would be required.

Among the dry press, the Laborite daily *Socialidemokraatti*, in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, has this to say:

"The outcome of the referendum demands corresponding measures from the Cabinet, but we fear that the new legislation will suffer from short and hurried preparation. Those voting wet will be disappointed at the consequences. The Laborites are resolved to continue the fight in favor of Prohibition."

This daily also expresses its conviction that "many drys who voted wet will become Prohibitionists again." Both Laborite and Farmers' newspapers, it appears, suggest conventions of their parties to ascertain the actual attitude of their adherents on Prohibition, probably with a view to instruct their representatives in Parliament. A Farmers' organ, *Ilkka*, declares outright the need for "a party convention to decide the Farmers' attitude toward Parliament."

Other cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Finland reveal a leading farm paper, *Suomenmaa*, as warning its readers that "the result demands strengthening of the democratic front in order to avoid similar surprises in the future."



International Newsreel photograph

A Long Line of Non-Violent Resisters

The recumbent figures of Indian strikers block the way of strike-breakers who come to replace them in a workshop.

Among the press of contrary opinion, recorded in cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST, the important *Helsingin Sanomat* notes the possibility of dry obstruction in Parliament because the referendum of the Prohibition issue was merely of an advisory nature. But it remarks:

"The referendum gave such an overwhelming wet majority that the drys in Parliament apparently can have neither reason nor power to disregard the nation's will."

In a cabled editorial from an old and popular morning daily of Helsingfors, the *Uusi Suomi*, appears this avowal:

"We doubt that the drys can obtain sufficient support to obstruct speedy sanction of repeal of the Prohibition laws."

In a statement to local Finnish newspapermen made by Minister of Social Affairs Kilpelaeinen, he said:

"During twelve years of Prohibition, none of the successive Cabinets could effectively enforce the dry laws, and this gave rise to increasing disregard of laws in general."

With only twenty-four distant precincts missing out of 3,229, Helsingfors Associated Press cables report:

"The count of ballots in Finland's Prohibition referendum showed that of 772,901 votes cast, 544,967 were for repeal, 217,019 for retention, and 10,915 for light wines and beer.

"Of the 346,715 women who voted, 66 per cent. were opposed to Prohibition."

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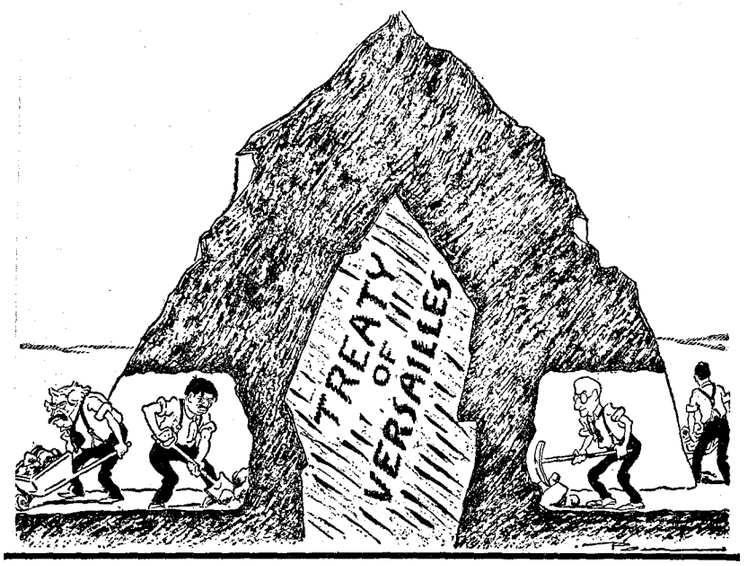
The New Reparations Wrangle

SOMETHING WITH A REPORT LIKE A BOMB was hurled into the field of discussion just as the delegates were getting ready for the Lausanne reparations conference, which is to open next Wednesday.

The aim of the conference is to examine the Young plan to see if it has perhaps gone stale and needs to be replaced by a younger plan.

The bomb was dropt by an important French Radical party organ, *La Dépêche de Toulouse*. This newspaper, which has an enormous influence throughout the south of France, startled everybody with a formal demand that the French Government make a complete cancelation of reparations. This daily's political editor, Arthur Huc, wrote:



A Pro-German French View

The French crew and the German crew toil together to remove the great obstacle.
—"La Victoire" (Paris).

"Not only would we lose nothing by such action, but we would prevent Germany from falling into the hands of Hitler. Germany has not organized her distress. Her errors have been those of the prodigality of the newly rich, who saw things in a colossal style.

"And how easy it is in their distress for them to be persuaded that reparations are the real cause. If you take that argument away from Hitler you will rob him of three-quarters of his supporters.

"There are two Germanys.

"There is one which thinks of the past, which is revengeful and warlike. There is another which knows that war does not pay, and which is seeking a real understanding between our two countries. Let us help that second Germany to save Europe and ourselves from new, dreadful adventures."

COMING from a leading organ of French Radical opinion, the surprizing utterance of *La Dépêche* will, in the view of some Paris observers, have a great and perhaps a decisive effect in this election year in France. Altho a Radical party organ in France, this newspaper is classified there as one of the moderate French press.

That the first formal suggestion for wiping out the reparations and for a new start with Germany should come from such a newspaper moves the semiofficial Paris *Temps* to retort that if this is to be the policy of the Radical party at and after the elections, then it is the patriotic duty of every other party to unite to prevent such a debacle.

Instead of bringing about a better state of world affairs and a better feeling among the European peoples, the Conservative *Journal des Débats* contends that the very opposite would be the consequence of such a complete surrender to Germany. This newspaper also scouts the supposition that if reparations were canceled, the United States would abandon her debt claims on France, for it declares:

"The solution does not depend on us. It is America and Germany who are face to face.

"All that concerns us is an unconditional part in the reparations, and that we will not abandon because it is an essential part of the Treaty of Versailles. If we let it go, the Treaty itself will disappear."

Meanwhile, Paris dispatches advise us that it was taken for granted almost from the outset that the United States would not take even an unofficial part in the Lausanne Reparations Conference. Yet there will hover over the deliberations the influence of the hostile attitude of the United States Congress toward the Hoover moratorium. In some respects, cables P. J. Phillip, from Paris to the New York *Times*, the hostility toward any extension of the moratorium is approved in France. The French position is said to be summarized in the *Temps:*

"Without the active participation of the United States, it is very evident that the conference can not envisage more than a limited and temporary arrangement within the framework of the Young plan, which must be closely adhered to in the absence of any new arrangement with regard to the debts to America."

The abolition of reparations is known to be Chancellor Bruening's aim, we learn from Berlin dispatches. In the German press, the hue and cry is: "We can't pay. We won't pay."

Soviet Outlook for 1932

"PLAN" is the great word in Soviet Russia. They don't just hope business will be better—they plan it, decide it, order it.

For instance, the plan for 1932 has decreed that the gross volume of industrial production shall be 36 per cent. more than it was in 1931, the output of heavy industry 44 per cent. more, and of light industry (consumers' goods) 29 per cent. more than last year. So we are authoritatively informed by *The Economic Review of the Soviet Union* (New York). This organ of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, an official business bureau of the Soviet Government, advises us further:

"The national income is set at 49,200,000,000 rubles ($25,300,000,000), a gain of 30 per cent. over that of 1931. Last year, 82 per cent. of the national income came from socialized (State and Cooperative) sources, while in 1928 these sources supplied only 44 per cent. The budget for the present year provices for receipts of 27,429,000,000 rubles ($14,120,000,000) and for expenditures of 26,929,000,000 rubles, allowing for a State reserve fund of 500,000,000. In 1931 the budget was 21,775,000,000 rubles, with a reserve of 1,500,000,000.

"Capital investments in the socialized sector of the national economy are being increased to 21,100,000,000 rubles ($10,900,000,000) as against 16,100,000,000 last year, a gain of 31 per cent."

INCREASED output is predicted for electric power plants and production of coal, while the schedules for pig-iron and steel, it is said, will be nearly double last year's output

Of a total of 356,000,000 acres, which include the spring and the winter sowings, we are told that the collective farms will plant 118,000,000. Larger cotton and sugar-beet sowings are projected, and the herds of the State stock-breeding farms are to show great increases.

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Worms Imperil Vatican Treasures

INVISIBLE WOOD-BORING WORMS wrought havoc among the treasures of the Vatican.

But relief is felt by the whole literate world that the damage at first thought irreparable is less than feared.

On December 23 the roof of a wing of the library fell crashing through two floors and destroyed a frescoed ceiling with injury or destruction to many books and rare works of art.

This wing, called the Sistine Hall, notable for the frescoed ceiling by Federigo Zuccaro, housed about 15,000 books of the Vatican Library.

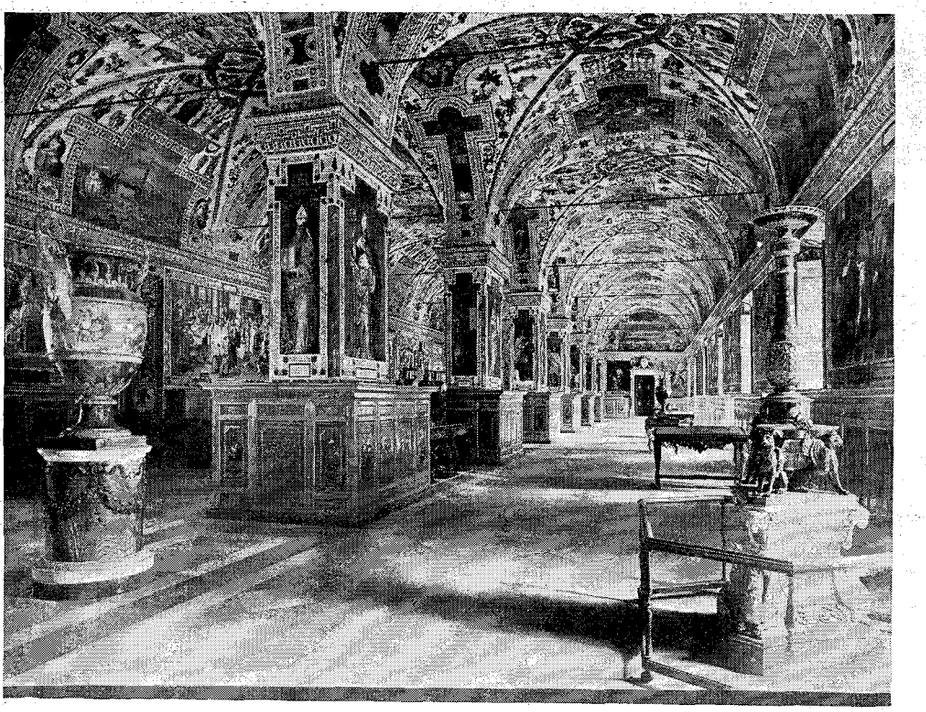
The loss of several lives added a further distressing feature.

Five days later a heavy rain set in, threatening to complete the destruction of what remained retrievable among the débris.

An inventory of the damage is given in a dispatch, dated December 28, by Joseph B. Phillips to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Destroyed—Two Sèvres vases, the gift of President Marie François Sadi-Carnot, of France; a vase lined with malachite, gift of Nicholas I of Russia; the Sèvres baptismal font of Napoleon III, and a cup of Scotch granite given by the Duke of Northumberland to Cardinal Altonelli in the time of Pope Pius VI.

"Damaged—Two of three famous tables of the rare labradorite, remarkable for the changing colors in the stone, in which light blue predominates, brought from Russia as a gift to Pius IX; a Good Shepherd in gold, from Emperor Francis Joseph; the following manuscripts, all damaged, but said to be susceptible of restoration: Frederick II on falconry, Chronicle of St. Sophia, Lives of the Holy Fathers in the Desert, thirteenth-century New Testament, Martyrology of the Monastery of St. Maria di Gualdo; twelfth-century Benevite script, Gallician psalter of the twelfth century, and an Anglo-Saxon Gospel of the late eighth century."



Reduced to Chaos

The Sistine Room of the Vatican Library, which was buried beneath a falling roof.

MOST of the printed volumes, it is said, must be rebound, but comparatively few have suffered greater damage. Mr. Phillips adds:

"It was learned that Pope Pius XI hopes to rebuild, as soon as possible, the part destroyed by the roof collapse.

"Altho no public appeal has yet been made for assistance in the reconstruction, it is likely to be costly, as, in addition to the structural work, it will be necessary to restore the frescoes on the ceiling and two great columns of the Sala Sistina, and, possibly, some of those on the walls.

"The frescoes are of no great artistic value, but were considered especially appropriate for a library.

"Their principal theme is the importance of the book throughout antiquity, with, as subordinate subjects, notable events of the time of Sixtus V, who was Pope from 1585 to 1590. The latter have been useful to students as indices of the changes of typography in Rome.

"The six great pillars dividing the Sala Sistina are decorated with frescoes representing in series an inventory of various alphabets beginning with Adam as the first intelligent being and ending with Christ as the infallible Master of all wisdom."

The American firm of Snead & Company, of Jersey City, has for three years past been engaged in modernizing the interior of the building to provide greater protection for its treasures.

Angus S. MacDonald, president of the firm, is quoted by the New York *Times* in advancing the theory that wood-boring worms have been the causes of the disaster.

"'The Pope, as one of the most progressive men in Europe, has been carrying forward a campaign of modernization in which the library work was incidental, but in this case the worms beat him to it,' he said. 'The tile roof of the building is supported by great oak beams, most of which probably date back to 1588, when the building was erected.

"'In order for us to install book-stacks the whole structure had to be strengthened. Part of this work involved replacing the oak beams by structural steel trusses. This replacement work was carried on by Italian engineers.

"'Most of the oak beams had been replaced, but the work was still to be done on the section that collapsed. Unseen from the outside, these wood-borers hollow out the beams until nothing is left but a shell. Very likely that is what caused the collapse.'

"Mr. MacDonald, who returned from Rome on October 1, said he had installed in the Vatican Library book-stacks to accommodate 700,000 books, that the damaged hall accommodated about 15,000 or 20,000 books, and that 'probably many of the latter had been removed before the collapse in order to permit workmen to get at the roof and replace the beams, for work was next to be commenced on this hall.'

"The books housed in the collapsed section of the building were 'mostly gift books in celebration of special occasions,' he said, and were not of nearly so great value as those stored elsewhere in the building. In a wing adjacent to that which collapsed, he added, were '60,000 books so valuable that, if sold, they would pay off a national debt.'"

A BRIEF sketch of the library itself appears in the New York *Times*, with some connotation of the rare works endangered:

"For centuries the Vatican Library has been one of the prides

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of the Popes and a joy to scholars the world over. The Church's archives, which form a part of the collection, date back to the fourth century.

"In addition, there is a vast accumulation of manuscripts from the fifth and sixth centuries onward, and printed books running through the years since the birth of the printing art.

"The Vatican Library, as such, was established in 1450 by Pope Nicholas V, who gathered some 9,000 volumes scattered about his palaces and set several rooms aside to house them.

"The building whose roof fell is nearly 230 feet long and fifty feet wide. Its great hall is decorated with seventeenth-century paintings representing scenes from the life of Sixtus V.

"Along the walls and against the six great pillars supporting the vault were ranged forty-six cabinets containing manuscripts, among them several Vergils, a Dioscorides with designs of the school of Raffael, the autograph manuscript of Petrarch's Sonnets, a copy of the 'Divina Commedia' made by the hand of Boccaccio, and given by him to Petrarch, a palimpsest of St. Augustine over Cicero, and the little book written by Henry VIII of England against Luther, a book which the Bluff King Hal called 'In Defense of the Sacraments.'

"The present Pope, Pius XI, several years ago inaugurated the work of giving to the vast and growing library a modern indexing system, and, with the aid of a gift from the Carnegie Foundation, ordered modern fireproof stacks constructed to replace the old wooden book-shelves, and new steel braces to replace the old wooden beams in the buildings surrounding the Belvedere Courtyard.

"This work has been almost completed in the two lateral wings of the great library building, and was to have been continued in the building whose roof collapsed."

A "Dunce Cap for Politics"

THERE WERE JUBILANT CRITICS at the Gershwin-Gershwin-Kaufman-Ryskind musical show at the Music Box, New York.

The title "Of Thee I Sing" proclaims it as political satire, but how to apportion the praise among Offenbach, Gilbert and Sullivan, and the quartet above mentioned sets the critics puzzling.

These forerunners had to be mentioned, but Gilbert W. Gabriel of the New York *American* reports that "some of us were even so enthralled we'd not think of lugging in any comparisons to Gilbert and Sullivan until too late."

It may be assumed that all of them will subscribe to J. Brooks Atkinson's summary in *The Times:*

"What little dignity there may have been in politics and government has been laughed out of court by 'Of Thee I Sing,' a brisk musical comedy staged at the Music Box Saturday evening.

"It is the work of George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, as neat a pair of satirists as ever scuttled a national tradition; and it has George Gershwin's most brilliant score to sharpen the humor and fantasticate the ideas.

"For this loud and blaring circus in no jerry-built musical comedy, altho occasionally it subsides into the musical-comedy formula. And it is no idle bit of buffoonery, altho occasionally it degenerates into the specious cleverness of Broadway.

"The authors have transposed the charlatanry of national politics into a hurly-burly of riotous campaign slogans, political knavery, comic national dilemmas, and general burlesque.

"They have fitted the dunce's cap to politics and government, and crowded an evening with laughter."

JUST how the "dunce cap" is worn may be derived from Arthur Ruhl's survey in *The Herald Tribune:*

"Beginning with a scene at national committee headquarters ('Let's see—which party are we?' as one of the committeemen asks), the story follows *John P. Wintergreen's* campaign through until his triumphant election on the slogan, 'Put Love in the White House.'

"No other issue seemed available, altho the committeemen combed carefully the party's record from 1776 through the early decades of the last century.

"As the chairman explained, what you need for an issue is something that everybody can get excited about and yet something that doesn't really make any difference. Love was just the thing—especially for the handsome but otherwise wholly undistinguished *Mr. John P. Wintergreen.*

"Have a bathing beauty contest, the winner of which will marry the new President. All that the candidate needs to do is to fall in love with the successful girl.

"*Wintergreen* will become the Great Lover. He will propose to his future bride in every State in the Union. The pictures of *John* and *Mary* will hang on every wall in the land, each step in their romance will be accompanied by answering throbs in the Great American Heart.

"Love will sweep the country and carry *John P. Wintergreen* into the White House on a rose-decked tidal wave.

"So much for the first act. In the second part, the satirists tackle Washington, and there are scenes in the White House, in the Senate, Supreme Court, and so on, in the course of which pretty much everybody comes in for a rap, especially the unhappy Vice-President.

"Beginning with their first scene in the national committee room, when the unfortunate *Alexander Throttlebottom*, venturing to visit his colleagues, is thrown out as an intruder whose name they don't even know, until he comes in, toward the end, with a little shirt he has knitted with his own hands for the White House baby, the authors have no mercy whatever for the second man on the ticket, and what shreds of self-esteem they might have left him are undone effectually by the very amusing acting of the self-abasing Victor Moore."

Partizans may be assured that it is they themselves who will have to manipulate the cap that fits. Witness Richard Lockridge of *The Sun:*

"It is rushing, grotesque, and merciless as it ranges through the political scene, knocking down the political scenery. It leaves American political habits strewn behind it in tattered fragments.

"It says the most outrageous things in the most outrageous and the funniest way, and yet manages never even to suggest snideness.

"It ignores personalities—except when William Gaxton turns a political address into a beautiful burlesque of Mayor Walker's speechmaking idiosyncrasies.

"It is magnificently superior to backdoor gossip."

ON the question of origins, Dr. Isaac Goldberg writes in the Boston *Transcript* that "the various gentlemen who devised 'Of Thee I Sing' have, praise be! a dash of the Offenbach gusto, and how we need it on our stage!" Further:

"When recently in these columns I referred to Offenbach in my article upon George Kaufman, I had in mind especially the priceless scene in the Senate—a scene which for book, 'lyrics' and music, and for the interfusing spirit of all three, stands gaily alone in the history of our musical stage.

"There has been nothing like it since Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Trial by Jury,' and it may be worth while mentioning that Gilbert and Sullivan never quite recaptured the abandon of their single 'one-acter,' except, perhaps, when the *Lord Chancellor*, *Mountararat* and *Tolloller* indulge in that fascinating waltz in the second act of 'Iolanthe,' about the faint heart that ne'er won fair lady.

"Gershwin is American to the finger-tips. Simply because he is who he is, he can not help transmuting all the influences that he inevitably undergoes. The same holds true of his associates.

"I do not say that in light music he is the equal of Sullivan. Many virtuous persons, afraid of enlivened rhythms and unashamed melody, hesitate to confess their pleasure in his jazz, which is as new for our day as Sullivan and Offenbach were for theirs.

"I do say, from a knowledge of Sullivan's attempts at symphonic writing, that in this respect Gershwin is fundamentally a more original composer; and that his more ambitious pieces, including the 'Second Rhapsody' that he is soon to play with Koussevitzky, for the first time anywhere at a public concert, are far more important than Sir Arthur's 'Overture di Ballo,' his oratorios, and his solitary Symphony.

"And I do say that 'Of Thee I Sing,' in every respect, is a far more important piece than 'Robin Hood,' which, musically, was merely an imitation of Sullivan, and therefore neither really English nor really American.

"Our stage has needed the Gilbert-and-Sullivan spirit, not a mere carrying over of the Gilbert-and-Sullivan substance. It has needed the Offenbach spirit."

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The Metropolitan Broadcasts

"THE METROPOLITAN IS THE LAST CITADEL of vocal art to yield to the radio."

Hardly any radio fan will need to be informed that this observation of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* arises from the broadcast of "Hansel und Gretel" on Christmas, and of "Norma" on the Saturday following.

Future performances will follow, since the success of these initial ones have allayed the management's fears that the present development of radio was inadequate to the demands of operatic representation.

The Plain Dealer muses that it might be possible to calculate how many, during the past forty years, have heard the Metropolitan's "finished soloists, its soul-stirring chorus, and its incomparable orchestra." But on the occasions of the broadcast—

"Music lovers from coast to coast and lake to gulf, and even beyond the oceans, were in the audience. They missed the fashion show and the jewels of the 'golden horseshoe,' but they got the music.

"And they got it very well. Considering the obvious technical difficulties of this experiment, the results were astoundingly excellent."

A tribute to the achievement from Walter Damrosch is quoted in the New York *Sun:*

"I consider the broadcast of 'Hansel und Gretel,' by the Metropolitan, a triumph for the engineers of the National Broadcasting Company. It was a miracle of artistic reproduction of the voices of the singers and the instruments of the orchestra. The most delicate effects as well as the greatest climaxes came over the air with absolute fidelity to the richly colored Wagnerian score of the composer."

PRESS comments from places distant from New York confirm the general satisfaction. Witness the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

"Baltimoreans, who were privileged to hear the broadcast, can no longer have any doubt that opera thus produced, and accompanied as it was by the explanatory comments of Deems Taylor, leaves little to be desired.

"It is encouraging to hear that even Giulio Gatti-Casazza, manager of the Metropolitan, who has been skeptical of the value of radio opera, was seen longer before the loud-speaker than near the stage as the opera progressed.

"Most important of all, however, is the public response.

"We as a nation appear to be curst by the assumption upon the part of those who provide our pleasures that it is foolhardy to risk any production that calls for a receptive mentality greater than that of twelve years.

"But after yesterday's experiment it should be clear that there is an extensive group prepared to enjoy the best, and not content to subsist on the pap that the radio so generally offers.

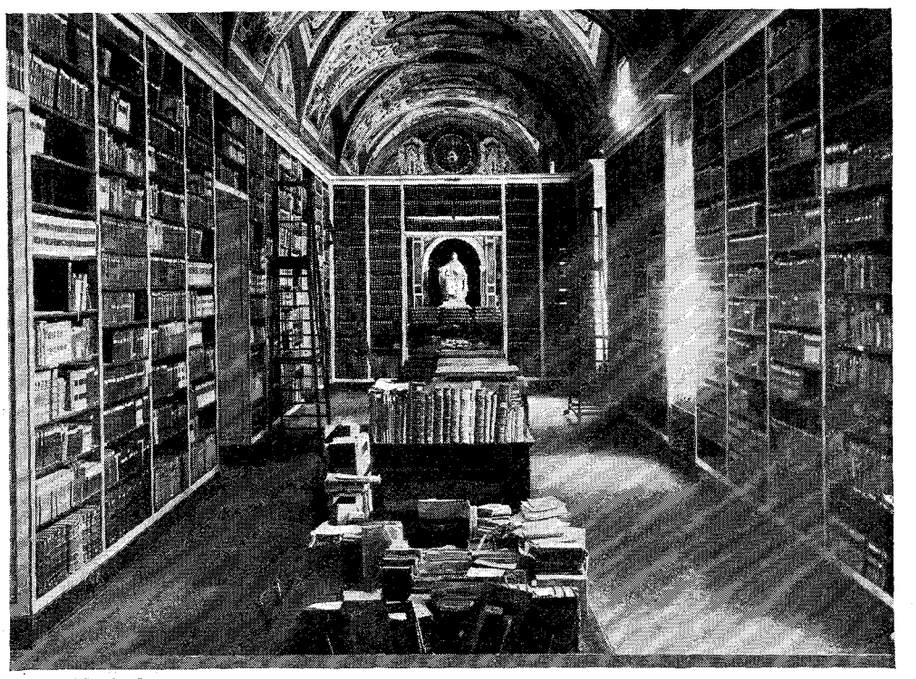
"There must be many people without radios to-day who, having heard of the broadcast from their friends and of the broadcast of 'La Bohème,' are convinced that if this sort of thing continues they will have to have them installed."

Of course, opera has been heard over the air before, notably by the Chicago company, but without the accompanying comment such as that provided by Mr. Deems Taylor.

Satisfaction with this innovation, while general, yet brought forth a "minority" protest from the Hartford *Daily Courant:*

"The majority of the listeners who have thus far commented upon the performance seem not to have minded, but the objections of the minority to such interruption of the music, comparable to the annoying whispers of a thoughtless companion at the theater, seem well grounded.

"The argument that such interpolations are necessary in order to enlighten an audience presumably untutored in opera is not quite sound. In good opera, the music is capable of speaking for itself, and if the operatic education of the public is the end in view, it can be achieved best by giving the public the opportunity to hear the music without any interruptions whatever, for the course of the action ordinarily can be sufficiently outlined before the music begins so that even the dullest listener can follow it."



Courtesy of Snead & Company

The Reference Room in the New Library of the Vatican

Which has been completed through the cooperation of the Carnegie Fund for World Peace, with materials sent from the United States.

The Cover

THE picture of the street of quaint houses is one that travelers in southern Germany may often see.

The artist, Oscar Strobel, was born in Cincinnati, in 1891, studied art at the Cincinnati Academy and the Ohio Institute, and, finally, under Frank Duveneek.

Other facts in his career are taken from a catalog of one of his exhibitions in Los Angeles:

"In 1918 Mr. Strobel was discharged from the U. S. Flying Corps, and settled in El Paso, Texas, studying and painting the desert and Indians of New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, and Old Mexico.

"In 1929 he won a scholarship to study in Europe, from the famous German flyer, Baron F. K. Koenig Warthausen, who circumnavigated the globe in the world's smallest airplane, for which feat he received the Hindenburg cup.

"In addition to giving Mr. Strobel the scholarship, the baron purchased one of his canvases, which he presented to President Hindenburg of Germany.

"One of the most amusing and interesting experiences in the life of Mr. Strobel occurred upon his arrival in New York in the fall of 1929.

"Upon receiving his luggage at the Governor Clinton Hotel, Mr. Strobel discovered an extra piece of luggage. In an effort to identify its owner, he opened the bag and, to his great amazement, found $2,000,000 in securities.

"Mr. Strobel immediately returned the bag and contents to its rightful owner. This act caused the New York newspapers to herald Mr. Strobel as one of America's truly honest men."

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The Pope's Invitation

PROTESTANTISM WILL NOT SUBMIT TO ROME. Methodists, Lutherans, Baptists, and Presbyterians, and all the others may disagree among themselves, but they appear united on this one point at least.

"Not a chance," says one.

"Sectarianism is not a scandal," says another.

But a third says, "Christians should hope and pray for union."

These are some of the diverse expressions which greet Pope Pius's invitation to Protestantism and the Eastern Orthodox Church to reunite with Rome.

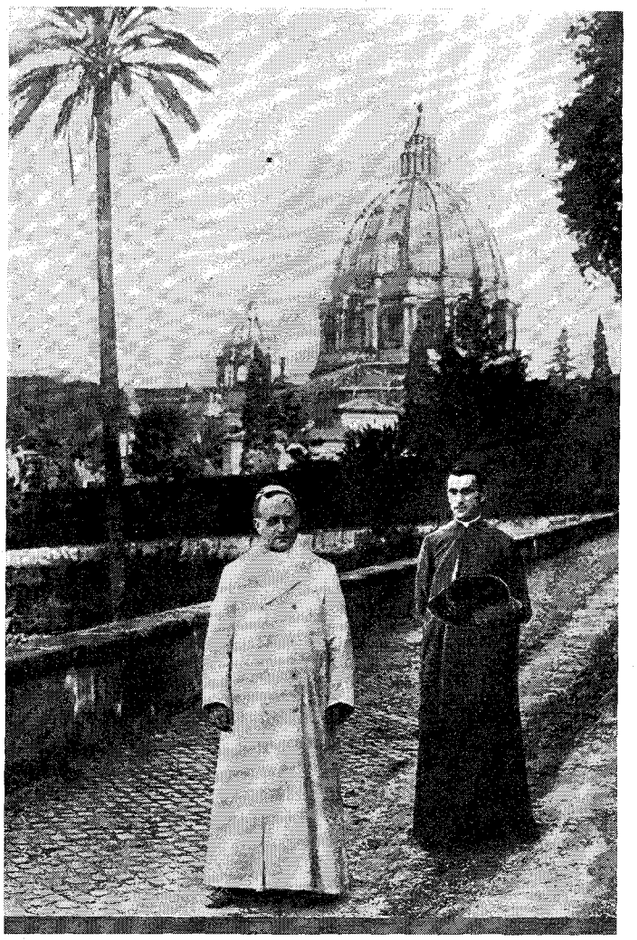
So Protestantism, with its more than 200 divisions, is content to continue on its way.

But there seems some possibility that the Eastern Orthodox churches will return to the ancient fold and accept the spiritual sovereignty of the Pope.

According to a Vienna dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*, by M. W. Fodor, the Vatican has been negotiating for some time with the Russian Orthodox Church, as represented by the White emigrés, and with the Bulgarian, Roumanian, Greek, and Albanian Orthodox churches and with the governments of the respective countries.

"The Vatican's plea for reunion," writes Mr. Fodor, "has not been rejected, but it is known to be receiving serious consideration from all these churches, with the possible exception of Greece."

The Russian emigrés, we are told, want to return to Rome because they hope that the authority of the Pope will aid them in their struggle against the Bolshevists. King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia, who holds the title of Defender of the Holy Sepulcher since the death of the Russian Czar, has been carrying on conversations with persons close to the Vatican, and it is an open secret, says Mr. Fodor, that King Boris of Bulgaria, who married the daughter of the King of Italy, promised the Pope, in return for papal consent to the marriage, to make an effort to swing his people over to Rome. And King Zog of Albania, we are told, is allowing the Jesuits to work not only among the Greek Orthodox of his kingdom, but also among the Mohammedans, of whom the King is one.



International Newsreel photograph

Sounds Call to Unity

The Eastern Orthodox churches are said to be giving serious consideration to Pope Pius's invitation to return to Rome, but the Protestant churches decline.

THE invitation, contained in a papal encyclical issued on Christmas Day, is ranked as "the most important of this century." It reasserts papal supremacy and infallibility in matters of faith and morals, exalts the Virgin Mary, and reaffirms the doctrine of man and God in the one divine nature of Jesus Christ. Entitled "Lux Veritatis" (The Light of Truth), it commemorates the 1,500th anniversary of the Council of Ephesus, which condemned the heretic Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, for his denial that Mary was the Mother of God. As a lasting commemoration of that Council, the Pope establishes a new mass—the Maternity of Mary, which embraces special prayers and responses in honor of the Virgin Mother.

Addressing himself to Protestants and the Eastern Orthodox Church alike, the Pope says, as the Associated Press quotes from the encyclical:

"We are confident that they, becoming convinced by history, life's teacher, will be able to feel at least a longing for one fold under one shepherd and for a return to that true faith which is jealously conserved, ever secure and inviolate, in the Roman Church.

"We recall to those who govern flocks separated from us that the faith which their ancestors solemnly profest at the Council of Ephesus is conserved unchanged, and is strenuously defended, at present as in the past, by this supreme chair of truth."

THE encyclical maintains the doctrine of one Person, that is, that Jesus was both man and God, and urges the veneration of Mary as the Mother of God. All dissidents are exhorted to follow the example of Catholics by invoking the protection of the Virgin as mediatrix and intercessor with the Divine Savior. This exhortation is especially addrest to "those mothers of modern times who, annoyed by children and the marriage bonds, have vilified and violated the duties which these impose."

Nobody can doubt the sincerity of the Pope's appeal, says Dr. Frederick H. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church in America, in *The Lutheran*, official weekly of that church. He adds, however, that many Protestants "fear greatly that a single organized Christian Church of the world would soon involve great dangers for mankind, such as a Church State or a State Church of the world," and he declares that no union of the entire Christian Church can be accomplished which will accept "Mariolatry" and papal infallibility.

The encyclical, writes Dr. Knubel, reveals once more the Pope's "scholarship, wisdom, and spiritual-mindedness," but, thinks the Lutheran head:

"It is manifest that the Pope is prayerfully concerned for the distresses of Roman Catholicism in these days. Many of us do not realize the troubles of the Roman Catholic Church to-day, as they are revealed, for instance, in the book by John F. Moore, entitled 'Will America Become Catholic?' We have failed to note the successive antagonisms developing not merely in

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Russia, but in Mexico, South American countries, Spain, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, etc. They must oppress the soul of the Pope.

"Like all of us he is conscious also of the world's economic dismay, from which no man can be sure he knows the way of recovery.

"As a final consideration, Pius XI can not ignore the ceaseless pressure for a Christian union of the churches."

On the condemnation of the Nestorian heresy, Dr. Knubel says that the Lutheran Church and all conservative Christians are in fullest accord with the Pope, but on what is designated as "Mariolatry" the Lutheran Church can never follow the Pope, "for every such exaltation of Mary is in itself derogatory of the Savior." Neither can there be agreement on papal infallibility. Therefore, concludes Dr. Knubel:

"No tangible results are to be expected from this pronouncement. Some of its topics are timely, and need great stress, but they have, we believe, been treated in other encyclicals issued during 1931.

"The call for a return to the arms of the Roman Church is also nothing new. Certainly no union of the entire Christian Church can be accomplished which must accept Mariolatry and papal infallibility."

"It is hardly to be expected that the descendants of those who stood with John Knox in Scotland, with John Milton in England, with Martin Luther in Germany, with Calvin in Geneva will consent to accuse their ancestors of schism or of heresy," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*. "So far as the evangelical churches are concerned, no response to the invitation is anticipated."

As to the Protestant Episcopal Church, *The Eagle* notes that "it is still Protestant, but shows the same lines of cleavage, as to a possible union with the Church of Rome, that the Anglican Church has shown since the 'conversations' at Malines."

It will be recalled that Anglicans sought a way to Rome through the so-called Malines Conversations, held under the direction of the kindly Cardinal Mercier and Lord Halifax. The effort failed, but it has not been forgotten. When he was approached for an opinion on the invitation—before he had read the encyclical—Bishop William T. Manning, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, said "it would be an untold blessing to mankind and would be the greatest of all steps toward world brotherhood and world peace if Christians throughout the world could again be joined together in visible unity and fellowship." As the New York *Times* quotes him further, he pointed out that "there are at present great obstacles in the way of this, but sincere Christians of all names, both Protestant and Catholic, should hope and pray for it."

Somewhat more contentious, Dr. William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, New York, who is known for his liberal tendencies, says, "we can get nowhere because the Catholic Church wishes to gobble us up."

A qualified approval of the Pope's invitation comes from Dr. Henry Darlington, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, who says all must accede to the idea. "But those who are outside of his fold and whom he bids enter," *The Herald Tribune* quotes Dr. Darlington as saying, "are likewise within their rights should they invite him to come over to them. This is the rock which always wrecks all proposals, for who will do the uniting, who will surrender, and who will be absorbed?" He thinks that a clarification of terms might help. "Unity does not of necessity imply uniformity," he maintains. "This is to be seen in the rapprochement of the Orthodox and Anglican Churches. Each respects and acknowledges the rites, sacraments, and traditions of the other. There is the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace, but no attempt has been made to impose the system of one on the other."

But, says the Rev. George M. Stockdale, pastor of St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, as *The Times* quotes him, "Not a Chinaman's chance. It would not be possible for me to subscribe to ancient dogmas, whether in the Catholic Church or elsewhere. There was a time when they served a purpose, but they have no place in our era."

Separation is no sign of weakness, much less a scandal, in the opinion of Dr. Abdel Ross Wentz, retiring president of the American Society of Church History, and professor at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

"History," said Dr. Wentz in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the church history society in New York, "shows that we are stronger in a variety of organizations with a unity of work." As *The Times* quotes him, he continued:

"To insist that the present-day divisions among Christians are of necessity a scandal because they weaken the force of the Christian impact and not to see that the divisions may be the integrated divisions of an advancing army does violence not only to the lexicon but also to the historical sense.

"The historian sees no more hope of wiping out denominational lines than of wiping out the boundaries among the States.

"On the other hand, the historian sees no more prospect of successful sectarian isolation to-day than of a successful revival of nullification and secession."

Church Benevolences Falling

THE BENEVOLENT GIVING of the Methodist Episcopal Church has gone into another and unprecedented decline.

And as the Methodists are in many respects the "bellwethers of the Protestant flock," says *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), leaders of other churches will learn with anxiety that the close of the Methodist fiscal year has shown a further decrease in benevolences of $1,162,000, or about 16 per cent.

This means that the Methodist foreign mission board has been forced to shoulder a deficit of $483,000. A cut of 24 per cent. in board-administration costs has been ordered to meet this situation, we are told, and salaries of missionaries have been reduced.

In fact, it has been only by adding this deficit to the mission board's debt that the Methodists have evaded the necessity of recalling 160 missionary families.

Discussing the causes of this falling-off in gifts to benevolent causes, *The Christian Century* says that the depression is, of course, one obvious cause.

"Local church budgets are being cut all over the country; pastors' salaries show a wide-spread reduction. Church members simply do not have as much money as they had a few years ago. This is one reason for the missionary slump, and it may be almost enough to account for a 16 per cent. drop."

But Bishop McConnell, we are told, put his finger on another cause. All over the world, he pointed out, there is a tendency for Protestantism, in despair over the condition of the world, to retreat to an inner contemplation, to a species of mysticism that centers in the sacraments.

Yet, says *The Christian Century*, "the definition of religion formulated by Christ—love to God and love to one's neighbor—stands."

"And in the modern world love for one's neighbor must be exprest through institutions—hospitals, schools, centers for recreation and for worship. To fail in supporting these institutions is to fail to give religion its full vitality.

"Undoubtedly, there is truth in the Bishop's diagnosis. Yet we are not sure how far the charge can be pushed. After admitting the need for institutions, it is not yet proved that *all* the institutions maintained by missionary societies represent an essential religious demonstration of brotherly love.

"As a matter of fact, at least some of the falling off in mission receipts may be traced to a growing skepticism as to the need for a highly institutionalized type of program. This mood is, of course, fostered in hard times. But it goes much deeper, in its significance and effect, than any consideration of financial ability."

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The Decline of Good Manners

GOOD BREEDING IS LACKING in the younger generation.

They know not Chesterfield.

They are bad-mannered, careless, and inconsiderate in dress, in speech and in personal habits, and it would take a fine mesh to discover what they know about political life and public affairs.

It is Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler who appears as another gentleman with a duster.

He does his dusting in his annual report as president of Columbia University, under whose hospitable roof thousands of students are gathered annually from the four quarters of the American continent and from other parts of the world. "Horrible examples" are at hand.

But President Lowell of Harvard has a different opinion, at least of those who are before him. In his annual report to the board of overseers he says that "our college students as a whole appear more mature than a generation ago, not only in scholarship, but also in their outside interests and in the sense of proportionate values."

For the moral depression he observes Dr. Butler places the blame mainly on the Protestant churches and the home. The former, he says, have collapsed, and the second has abdicated from its position of authority and control.

The task has been shoved upon the school, which, in the nature of things, is not equal to it.

As for the lack of interest of American youth in public life, Dr. Butler asserts that "the sheer hypocrisy of present-day party divisions and discussions is certainly as much to blame as any one thing can be."

It is not easy to find reasons for such changes as these—which he observes among the elders, too—says Dr. Butler. But he thinks that "unconcern for standards of excellence and over-concern for the quick satisfaction of one's own immediate personal conveniences and desires have combined to undermine that very desirable respect for age, for accomplishment, for excellence, and for high standards which have long marked, and should always mark, the cultivated gentleman."

Dr. Butler thinks, too, that "probably the anti-philosophies and the pseudo-psychologies which are so widely diffused just now, and which are having such deplorable effects upon the instruction offered and training given, particularly in the elementary and secondary schools, have, consciously or unconsciously, played a large part in effecting these changes." And "doubtless the careless and unconventional dress, and the careless and unconventional speech of teachers and older persons have been seized upon as examples not unworthy of imitation."

IF the family can not and will not meet the responsibility which belongs to it, and if the church continues to fail in its educational duty, warns Dr. Butler, "nothing will be more certain than the gradual disappearance from society of those traits and influences in education which it is the business of the family and the church to foster and strengthen."

Youth's cynical indifference to politics is attributed by Dr. Butler to the low state of the parties and the hypocrisy of their leaders. He says:

"If there were clear-cut and definite party distinctions based on fundamental differences of principle and of policy, as has been the case at various times in the history of the United States, it would presumably not be difficult to enlist the interest of youth on one side or the other of these discussions and debates, and to invite youth to share in the responsibility for the conduct of public business.

"When, as is the case to-day, the spectacle is presented of men of highest importance in the life of the nation who, finding themselves in agreement upon every important question of public policy now before the nation, are nevertheless enrolled in political parties bearing different names, while, on the other hand, there are enrolled in one and the same political party men who have little or nothing in common in respect to anything which has to do with the pressing questions of the moment, surely youth must be pardoned for not understanding what it is all about, or for asking, with cynical composure, What is the use?"

AS is usual, when Dr. Butler speaks, the country listens and enters heartily into the discussion. Many agree with his views and deplore what is deemed their truth.

Dr. Butler is "unquestionably right in saying that the disciplines of the home and the church have weakened considerably in the last fifty years, and that an increasing burden has fallen on the schools," agrees the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. But this paper charges that "our colleges have been party to that educational revolution which on the one hand produced severe and one-sided specialization, and on the other an amorphous dilettantism. They have been producing scientists and esthetes for a number of years, and neither of the two groups has shown those earmarks which Dr. Butler associates with the 'cultivated gentleman.'"

In fact, says *The Times-Dispatch*, "if what Dr. Butler says is true, then he might look over the curriculum of his own Teachers' College, where he will find, particularly in the educational department, enough pseudos and antis to occupy him for a long time."

But the Boston *Herald* questions the soundness of the views of Columbia's sage, and offers some observations of its own.

It asserts that the "political hypocrisy" to which Dr. Butler refers, "was an old phenomenon centuries in advance of the birth of American democracy," that "expediency and patronage were great deities of the rostrum ages before the living Americans of essentially similar philosophy had enrolled in hostile parties."

It is a commonplace, we are told, that men who have the same outlook in life should be thrown into opposing camps by reason of inheritance, race, religion, social surroundings, or economics. "The hypocrisy which has characterized many political leaders during the Prohibition controversy is merely a twentieth-century example of the twistings and turnings in which politicians have always been adept."

AS to youth's alleged lack of manners, *The Herald* observes that "youth has seemed always to lack reverence for the aged and the established order of things, and to be lacking in reticence. Youth would not be youth if it accepted ancient formulas without question. The young folks of to-day, coming to maturity in a world which has been shaken inside out, would have divine patience if they subscribed blindly to formalities which seem to have failed." And, after all—

"The all-important question, perhaps, is whether the boy and girl of to-day are fundamentally as good as their fathers and mothers.

"The priest, speaking from his experience in the confessional, and most educators—President Sills of Bowdoin, for instance, who was quoted recently—agree that they are. Probably President Butler's successor will refer ruefully a generation from now to the sterling virtues of youth in the decade or two following the Great War."

Cry for Brotherhood

By Lucia Trent

There is so much of loneliness
On this uncharted earth
It seems each one's a prisoner
Within a cell from birth.

Even the closest comrade
Never fully knows
Each intimate Gethsemane
The spirit undergoes.

There is such need for union,
Such need for clasping hands,
Yet we deny the brotherhood
The human heart demands.

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

HERE is a poser for allotting sympathy; the writer wisely sees only the esthetic aspect. In *Harper's* (New York):

CRYSTAL MOMENT

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Once or twice this side of death
Things can make one hold his breath.

From my boyhood I remember
A crystal moment of September.

A wooded island rang with sounds
Of church bells in the throats of hounds.

A buck leaped out and took the tide
With jewels flowing past each side.

With his high head like a tree,
He swam within a yard of me.

I saw the golden drop of light
In his eyes turned dark with fright.

I saw the forest's holiness
On him like a fierce caress.

Fear made him lovely past belief,
My heart was trembling like a leaf.

He leaned towards the land and life
With need above him like a knife.

In his wake the hot hounds churned,
They stretched their muzzles out and yearned.

They cried no more, but swam and throbbed,
Hunger drove them till they sobbed.

Pursued, pursuers reached the shore
And vanished. I saw nothing more.

So they passed, a pageant such
As only gods could witness much,

Life and death upon one tether
And running beautiful together.

SOON or later any one of us is apt to sit in the toils of the pettifogging lawyer who "barks" his questions. *The Midland* (Iowa City, Ia.) gives a humorous suggestion:

LEGAL ADVICE

BY HOYT HUDSON

At what time was that? asks the prosecutor.
Why, then . . . or about then. What time by
the clock?

So that is what we're in for.
Prosecutors know
that what we did or what we saw or what
we were was some time by the clock.
We said when we were lovers time has stopped
these moments have no date we said. We said
when we were poets here are timeless things
we thought there was a word called timeless.
When we were loafers we said throw away the
clock
give time a holiday let time drink Lethe
lapse and forget. When we were wanton
slowly slowly run O horse of the night—
Just what time *was* that? What time by the clock?
All right, all right.

Here, partner, here is ground. Put both feet on
it.
Your head is up here. Now project your gaze
your level gaze in lines kept parallel
with all these streets and floors and funny planes
and when you pass a clock take off your hat
and note the time. Go get three calendars
and put them in gold frames upon your walls
and then no more embarrassments in public
no damning pause no clouded recollection
but when the prosecutor barks what time was that
like clock-work you reply right on the tick
2:06 a. m. the 16th of July.

HAS the theater ever received a more touching tribute? This was printed in *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), and doubtless elsewhere.

ON THAMES SHORE

(*Lines for the opening of the New Theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.*)

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

All things longed for in youth,
Beautiful things of truth,
Are found before we die,
If we but try.

This building that we see
So fair, once seemed to be
Beyond all hoping for
Here, on Thames shore.

How many millions tried,
How many millions died,
To bring this change of heart
To England's art?

O happy you who are young,
Speaking the English tongue,
Whose art shall light and aid
England remade.

England our holy land
Made beautiful, made grand,
O you young souls, what joy
For girl and boy.

May this new home of yours
Give England what endures,
Beauty, wisdom and truth,
Forever youth.

O strivers here beginning,
What glory for your winning
The England none now knows,
Who wore the rose.

ATTENTION is more and more given to the artistic gifts of the Indian. Whether the psychology is true or not, the poem interprets the outward semblance of those whose inner life is hard to penetrate. From *Kaleidoscope* (Dallas):

NAVAJO BLANKET WEAVER

BY CARL CURTIS GOODNER

Wrinkled and old and brown—the weaver sits
Day after day before her crude, old loom,
And with her patient hands and patient heart
Fashions a rug of matchless artistry.
Her eyes glow with new fires as memory stirs
The smouldering embers of a vanished youth,
And in the warp and woof of purest wool
She weaves the long dead loves of yesterday.

Here is the crimson flood of passion's flower,
And there the somber grey when love is done;
The black of utter grief in that dread hour
When from our clasp the hands fall, one by one.
A sob breaks from the throat of her who weaves
This picture-pattern of the vanished years,
For poignant is the pain of heart that grieves
In silence, and of eyes that know no tears.

Subtly the colors blend, as thread by thread
Is woven in its warp of time and place
Until the cycle of the weaver's dream
Has reached its ending with the close of day,
The night wind whispers through the fading light,
And shakes the flowing skein of silver hair
Upon the bended head where falls a ray
Of golden sunshine—and the work is done.

The head droops low—the hands have listless grown;
Behind the purple hills the last rose light
Of day steals out on noiseless feet—a moan
Breaks from the silent weaver on the night.
The long, dark hours grow chill; the rose-tint dawn
Creeps o'er the desert's rim, and then the sun
Touches the form of her, now cold and drawn,
Whose thread of life hangs on the loom, full spun.

SO much of the Harlequin as is in most of us will relish the sympathy here exprest for this fated fellow. From the New York *American:*

THE TEARS OF HARLEQUIN

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

To you he gave his laughter and his jest,
His words that of all words were merriest,
His glad, mad moments when the lights flared
high
And his wild song outshrilled the plaudits' din
For you that memory, but happier I—
I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.

Not mine those moments when the roses lay
Like red spilled wine on his triumphant way,
And shouts acclaimed him through the music's
beat,
Above the voice of flute and violin.
But I have known his hour of sore defeat—
I—I have known the tears of Harlequin.

Light kisses and light words, they were not mine—
Poor perquisites of many a Columbine
Bought with his laughter, flattered by his jest;
But when despair broke through the painted grin,
His tortured face has fallen on my breast—
I—I have known the tears of Harlequin.

You weep for him, who look upon him dead,
That joy and jest and merriment are fled;
You weep for him, what time my eyes are dry,
Knowing what peace a weary soul may win
Stifled by too much masking—even I—
I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.

HERE is Berkeleyan philosophy put in simple guise, and made human, in the London *Spectator:*

THE LITTLE WORLD

BY JAN STRUTHER

Though God in seven days
The world and all its ways
Once for his own delight did fashion truly,
Yet every man alive
Must through his senses five
Create it newly.

No beauty dwells on earth
Till eyes do give it birth;
No rock, no stone, till a hand's touch bring
concreteness;
Fragrance, till breath be near;
Music, till listening ear
Draw forth its sweetness.

And you, my little god,
Whose rosy feet have trod
But seven days' distance from your own day's
breaking,
You, in my arms close curled,
Tell me, what kind of world
Have you been making?

These things your treasures be—
Low voices' harmony;
The comfortable rhythm of the hours;
Kind warmth, surprising light,
Food, and the nodding, bright,
Blurred shapes of flowers.

Here dwells no hurt nor harm,
Nor any worse alarm
Than the small stupendous sound of your own
sneezing:
Wise though he be, and great,
Could God himself create
A world more pleasing?

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A NEW V-EIGHT

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▪

GREATER ECONOMY

▪

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▪

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▪

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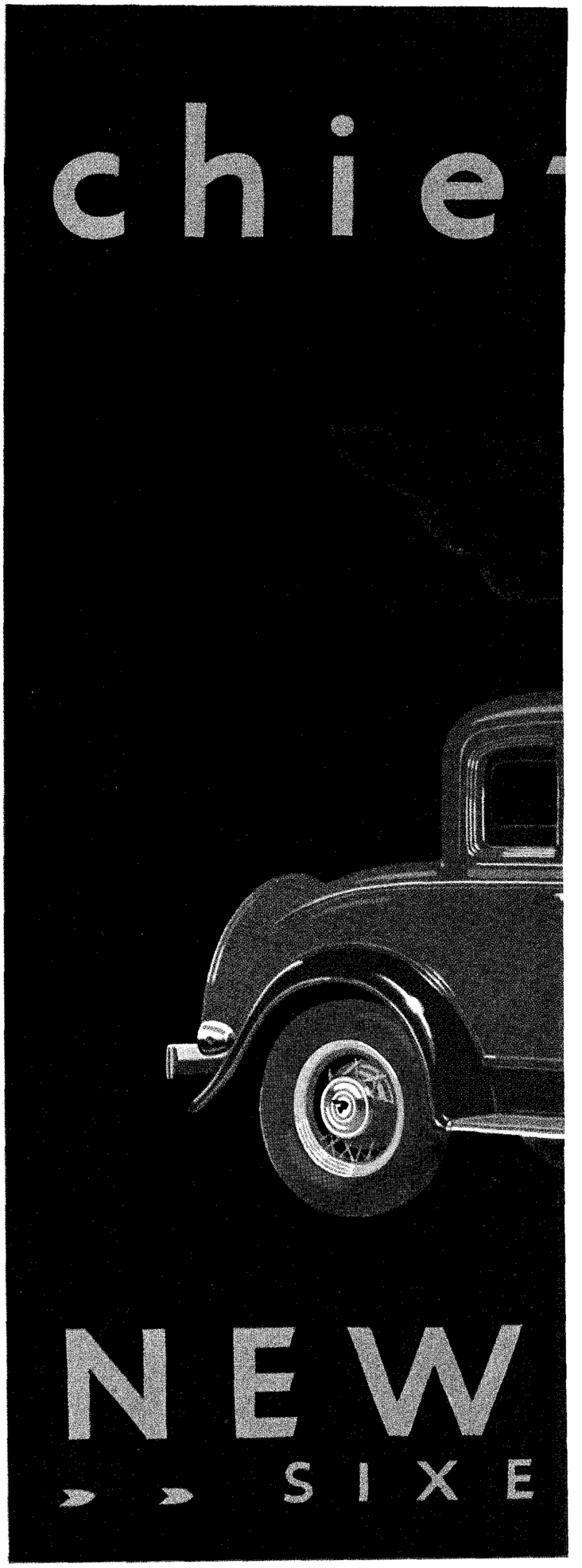
By all means see these two new Pontiacs . . . examine all they offer. You will agree that Pontiac—as a Six or an Eight—is indeed—an outstanding General Motors value.



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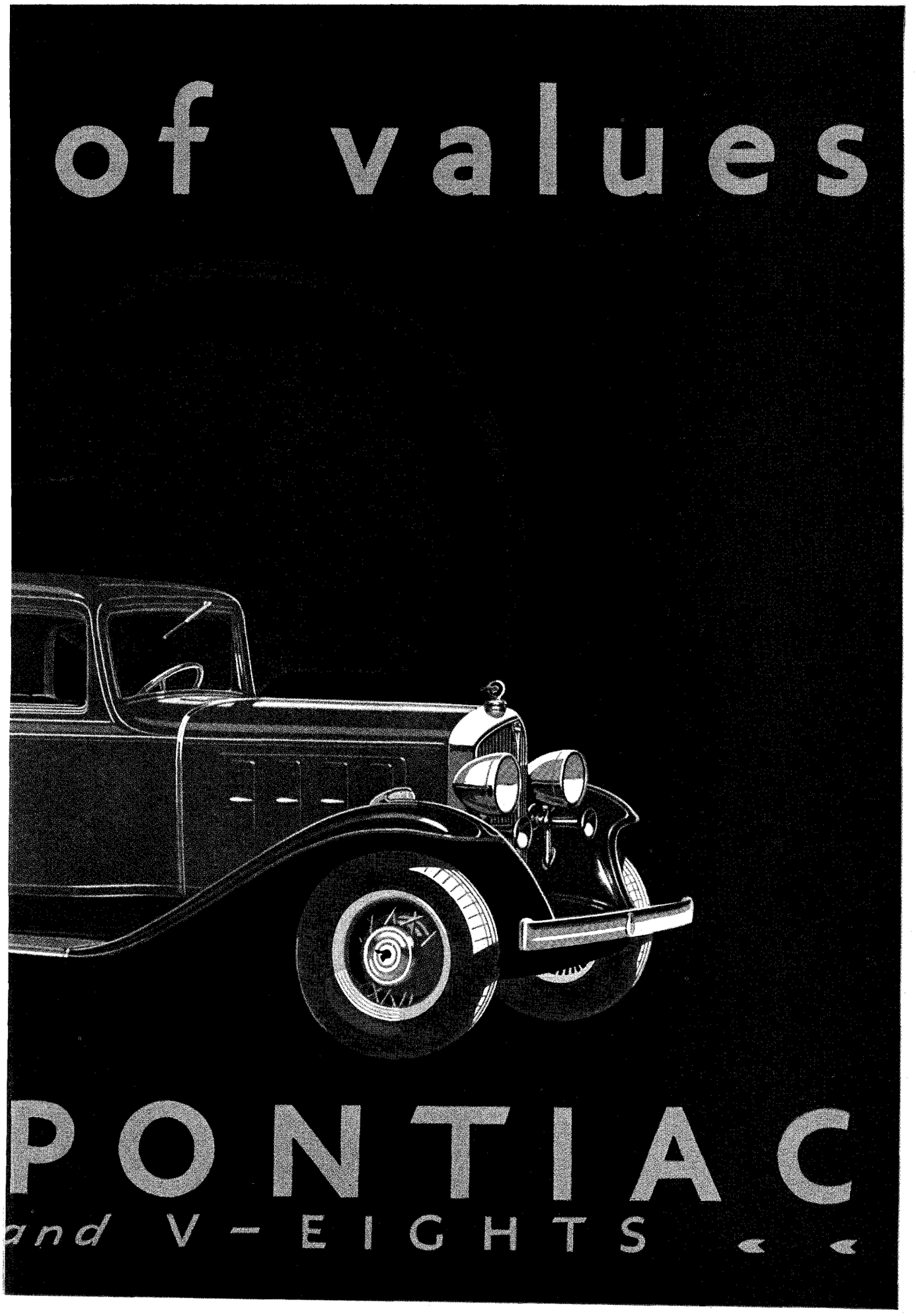

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Coming: the Age of Leisure

IT WILL BE BROUGHT ON by the multiplication of machines.

We have too few of them—not too many.

To be sure, those that we have are enforcing leisure on many millions; but the trouble is not with the leisure, but with lack of support and subsistence.

Unemployment is entirely unobjectionable, if conjoined with ample means—every millionaire will tell you that.

With more machines than we have hitherto dreamed of doing all of our physical, and the routine part of our mental labor, and with their products justly distributed, we shall be all "on velvet."

Too good to be true? It is coming, avers Dr. C. C. Furnas, associate professor of chemical engineering in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. In a book entitled "America's To-morrow" (Funk & Wagnalls Company), which he describes as "an informal excursion into the era of the two-hour working day," he essays to tell us of it. He writes:

We Have 165 Slaves

Apiece, so why do we work? Arithmetic has slipt somewhere, says Dr. C. C. Furnas.

"There are a number of things which the machine has not yet been trained to do, but we Americans are working hard on the job.

"I am expecting, each year, to hear that some clever man has harnessed the photoelectric cell in such a manner as to make a machine to pick strawberries, tho I have the feeling that it will always be easier to make small boys do it. There is a limit somewhere to what can be done with a machine.

"There is a limit, also, to the number of things we can possess and enjoy, for there are only a few hours in a day, and relatively few days in a lifetime.

"The most important thing that our industrialism will give us will be leisure. Some of us have entirely too much and others not enough.

"Estimates have been made that in colonial times each individual, on the average, had three slave-power units at his command, either in person, in horses, or in water-wheels. Now, a few generations later, we each have, on the average, one hundred and sixty-five slave-power units, mostly in copper wires or tanks of gasoline. Yet, is our working time cut to three one-hundred-sixty-fifths of that of the colonial period? It is evident that the arithmetic has slipt somewhere.

"When the machine arrived, twenty yards of cloth came forth where one came before. In England, Lancashire handweavers lost their jobs—and then they raided factories to smash the machines that had chased them from the grind and their bread and butter.

"Obviously it was bad for business to let too many would-be workers starve to death. There were two ways of meeting the difficulty. One was to shorten laboring hours, raise wages, and keep as many employed as before. The other was to have the machine make more articles—create new jobs.

"Railways came into being, steamboats, steam-pumps, steel plowshares, the reaper, kerosene lamps, gas-pipe, and the cotton-gin. There were new jobs being created, but the factory man still did his twelve hours or more of work per day to get a bare sustaining wage.

"Shortly after the head of the patent-office resigned because of anticipated lack of business, ingenuity began to pick up a bit: to produce the telegraph, the camera, the transatlantic cable, the telephone, the phonograph, the arc-light, the incandescent light, dynamos, motors, safety-pins, Bessemer steel, steel rails—the list grows too long.

"Until a generation ago, most of the inventions were obvious things, the products of clever mechanics; but shortly before the century changed the work of fundamental physicists such as Maxwell, Crookes, and Hertz began to bear fruit, and things were invented which operated in an unseen and mysterious manner. X-rays looked at people's bones, and Marconi flashed wireless signals across the Atlantic. The discoveries of radioactivity and electrons belong to this period, and, then, before many years, the Edison effect was used by DeForest in his invention of the three-electrode vacuum-tube, as we know it, and radio came into being to displace the baby as the chief noise-maker of the home.

"Then, too, back in those last faltering years of the nineteenth century, the internal-combustion engine was made satisfactory, and the automobile and airplane began changing life's hazards, aims, and tempo.

"This inventive flame is like other fires, the hotter it gets, the faster it goes; which makes it hotter, and so on and on until the fuel is gone. We still seem to have a good supply of fuel.

"We have at least a hundred times as many things at our disposal as we had a century ago. The curve of rate of consumption of new items is probably slowing down already. That may be one reason why the hours of labor have been greatly shortened in the past two decades."

THERE is only one way, declares Dr. Furnas, to distribute the work of the country now that the machine dominates our industry so completely—shorten the working day. We can't spend our time cutting wood: there isn't much left to cut. We simply must find something to do besides work. He elucidates:

"While some have nothing to do but sit down and waste away and wish for work, for the rest of us the laboring hours are still too long. Then, when we do leave the manufacturing precincts, we spend all the rest of the time using mechanical things, so that there will be a market for manufactured articles, so we can work all day to-morrow. This keeps on until heart failure or a misstep in traffic closes the account."

The Socialists have long said that four hours of labor per day per person would be sufficient, if every one worked. Dr. Furnas thinks they are wrong, but they soon will be right, he predicts. Then, in the machine-cluttered years to come, three hours will be enough, then two, perhaps. Even two hours may be too many. He uses this, he says, as a first approximation of the ultimate length of the average working day. He goes on:

"The social problems arising from such an age of leisure will be infinite. What to do? How to keep out of trouble? What's the use, anyway? Some one will have to answer these questions, and I nominate the educational system.

"There are a great many things that mechanical fingers can do better than human ones. In some factories you may see one man tending ten automatic machines. A tractor-drawn harvester with four men now threshes grain faster than forty men did a few years ago.

"Even inspectors are becoming obsolete. Photoelectric cells can separate the different grades of cigars or apples better than the eye. They can count articles faster than any human. They can ring a bell to tell a fireman that he is creating a smoke nuisance.

"The guiding slogan of every industrial superintendent for years has been 'more production per man-hour.' Still, the campaign is only begun. Men and women should be saved for those places where judgment and brains are required.

"There is no reason why the accounting business can not be largely automatic; the necessary machines are, or soon will be, available. A robot bank-teller should perform to perfection; it could do anything but pass judgment upon the soundness of a man's credit.

"Most of the routine affairs of the world can be carried on by brainless robots, and why shouldn't they be? There are so many other more interesting things for humans to do."

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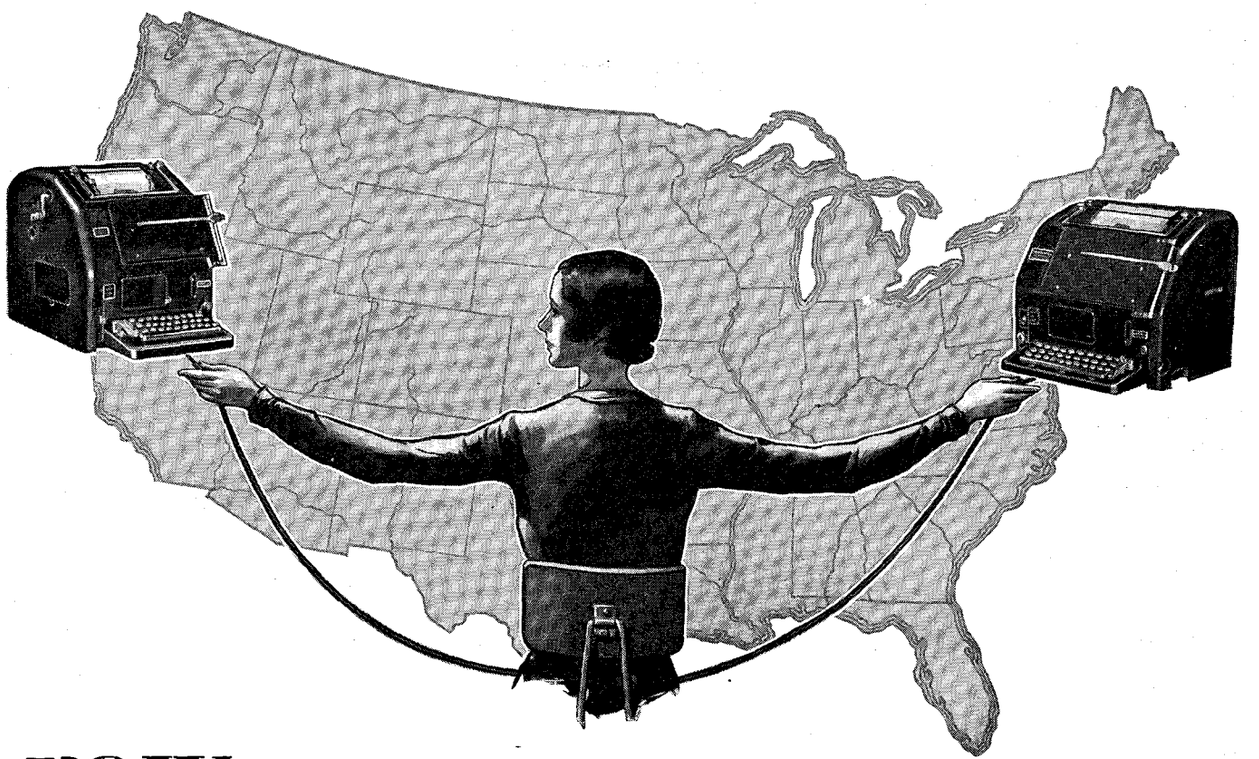

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Messages, inquiries, reports—typed in your office—are instantly and accurately reproduced on any other subscriber's teletypewriter. Identical typewritten copies, made by both sending and receiving machines, are available for permanent records.

This new service differs from existing private-line teletypewriter service in that any subscriber may ask for any other subscriber and be connected immediately. The cost is low.

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Doubts About Rejuvenation

PHYSIOLOGICAL TIME differs from physical time. A boy who has lived fifteen years may be physiologically only twelve.

For this reason, the problem of rejuvenation appears to be insoluble, according to Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, in an article in *Science*.

Dr. Carrel, an eminent Franco-American scientist and a Nobel Prize winner, believes that it would require a method capable of replacing tissues and humors in the structural and functional state of an earlier life period. His article is thus quoted and summarized in the New York *Times:*

"'Such a method,' he adds, 'has still to be discovered. It goes without saying that no senescent organism has ever been rejuvenated by the procedures of Steinach and Voronoff. So far, the process of aging remains irreversible.'

"Pointing out that physical time, which is measured by a clock, obviously differs from the time in which we live, Dr. Carrel asserts that time is as much a constituent of ourselves as space.

"'Existence,' he says, 'is identical with duration. This inherent time can not be reduced to psychological time, which consists of the succession of our states of consciousness as consecutive instants.

"'According to the Bergsonian view, these states of consciousness are only instantaneous pictures which stand out against a continuously streaming background. But our duration is certainly much more than the flux of our inner life. It comprehends the whole organism. Mind and body are two aspects of a single thing. The time which we live includes both physiological and psychological times.'"

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Age Is Inexorable

Declares Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute.

THESE two are different, asserts Dr. Carrel. He goes on:

"'Even at a superficial glance physiological time does not seem to pass at a constant rate through the frame of physical time.

"'It is a matter of common knowledge that real age differs from chronological age.

"'The value of a year is not identical for short-lived and long-lived animals. Moreover, within a single individual, such value seems to vary. Time is said to flow more quickly in old age than in youth. Our duration, then, appears to be independent of physical time.'

"Dr. Carrel declares that each human being constitutes a relatively independent world in a state of continuous transformation, and that it is the rate of this transformation which can be assumed to characterize our specific duration.

"Discussing the changes that the living organism undergoes, he says the body really consists of an uninterrupted modification of tissues, humors and consciousness. Such, he says, is physiological duration.

"'The process of aging,' he says, 'starts simultaneously with embryonic life. It is exprest by irreversible changes progressing during the entire span of our existence. The decrease in the rate of growth during infancy and growth, the occurrence of puberty and menopause, the lowering of basal metabolism, and the modifications of the skin and hair, etc., appear as the stamp of time on the organism.'

"He describes how, with the aid of a table established by du Noüy, it became possible to ascertain whether an individual was older or younger than his age. 'This method,' he says, 'has given us for the first time a means of measuring the passing of physiological time.'

"He asserts that old age may extend over a very long period when premature senility of some essential organ does not occur; and adds that the physiological processes responsible for the phenomenon of aging are far more rapid in infancy than in senescence.

"'The passage of physical time,' he says, 'is inexorable and irreversible. No one can think of controlling it. Physiological time also moves irresistibly. It possesses the relative imprecision and variability which characterize biological processes.'"

The Coming Monster Telescope

THE TELESCOPE NOW BUILDING IN PASADENA, California, with an object mirror 200 inches in diameter, or nearly twenty feet, will be far the largest in the world. It will make visible a billion and a half of stars, instead of the half-billion now available to the eye. Photography will add millions of others.

With the magnification that can be used with such a powerful light-collector, the moon will be brought within twenty-five miles, and objects on its surface thirty feet apart may be separately distinguished.

Writes Dr. Frederick C. Leonard, of the department of astronomy of the University of California (Los Angeles branch), in a leaflet issued by the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco):

"The new instrument will be erected, probably in Southern California, under the auspices of the California Institute of Technology, and will be operated in connection with the Institute and with the cooperation of the astronomers of the Mount Wilson Observatory. Many questions are asked as to what may be expected of such a colossal instrument, and speculations are rife as to how much farther it will enable astronomers to penetrate into the depths of the cosmos."

THE human eye, Professor Leonard notes, may be regarded as a small telescope—or better, a diminutive camera—whose lens is about one-third of an inch in diameter. Since the 100-inch telescope is three hundred times as large as the eye, it is 90,000 times as powerful—that is, it will make visible stars 90,000 times as faint as the faintest stars that can be perceived by the eye alone. The 200-inch telescope, on the other hand, which will be 360,000 times as effective as the unaided eye, will literally bring to light stars of the 20½ magnitude. What this means, he proceeds to explain:

"Some idea of this enormous power can be gained from the statement that whereas 175 of the faintest stars that can be seen with the naked eye together send to the earth no more light than is received from a first-magnitude star, more than 63,000,000 of the faintest stars that the 200-inch telescope will be capable of revealing would be required to equal, in light-radiating power, a single first-magnitude star!

"How many stars are visible with the most powerful telescope in the world, and how many more stars may the 200-inch telescope be expected to show? It has been estimated that there are some 560,000,000 stars brighter than the visual limit of the 100-inch Mount Wilson telescope. It is impossible to say exactly how many stars the 200-inch instrument will make visible, but a conservative estimate would place the total number at approximately a billion and a half; that is, this monster telescope may be expected to show about as many stars in heaven as there are people on earth! Many more stars can be photographed than can be seen, so that many more stars than a billion and a half will probably be accessible with the 200-inch instrument.

"How near will a given telescope apparently bring a celestial body, or how many times will it magnify the object? If the 200-inch telescope were to be used visually, with a power of, say, fifty diameters to the inch, it would magnify an object such as the moon or a planet ten thousand times, or, stated otherwise, it would bring the distant celestial body optically ten thousand times as near as it really is. The moon is roughly 240,000 miles away, so that our satellite would be brought within an apparent range of twenty-five miles! At such close proximity, it would be quite possible to distinguish large buildings and to perceive other manifestations of life on the moon if it were inhabited by a race of beings like ourselves.

"This instrument, when completed, will stand as man's crowning achievement in the field of optical engineering—a tool designed for the exploration of the universe and for the extension of the boundaries of knowledge."

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At these smoke peaks

...MORE SPUDS MEAN MOUTH-HAPPINESS

Bridge Table... Concentration . . . silence . . . serious smoking . . . lots of cigarettes! There's another smoke peak where you need cool, clean taste . . . Spud's mouth-happiness.

Tense Session... When excitement crowds fast . . . cigarettes crowd too! A real heavy spot. You'll need the moist-cool, clean taste of Spud's lusty tobacco flavor.

Lively Party... One o'clock in the morning! What wouldn't you give for a cool, clean mouth! It's yours, if you smoke Spud, the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

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Electric Music

WE ARE APPARENTLY ABOUT TO WITNESS the entry into the field of musical production of a large number of new instruments dependent on electricity for tonal effects.

German inventors seem to be leading in this field, and last summer a "Congress for Radio and Electric Music" was held at Munich under the auspices of the Central Institute for Education and Instruction at Berlin.

We quote below an article on this meeting from *The Musical Times* (London), in which some of the novel electric instruments are described by Hugo Leichtentritt. He reports:

"The value and interest of the congress lay in the practical demonstrations of new technical improvements, and of new instruments for making music by electricity.

"The 'Trautonium,' devised by the Berlin scientist, Dr. Trautwein, resembles no existing instrument. It can produce only one tone at a time, but the possibilities are considerable. It can play by electric production and megaphone any desired tone or interval, and besides can evolve new timbres that differ from those of any known instrument. Moreover, it can imitate existing instruments.

Electric Light Without Current

"Paul Hindemith has written a concerto for Trautonium and string orchestra.

"Another electric instrument called the 'Mellertion' produced sounds of more novel, curious, and grotesque character. The octave is divided into ten parts, and strange intervals arise.

"Two systems of electric pianofortes also were presented for the first time. Oskar Vierling's plan is to transform the customary tone-production of a pianoforte into an electric production.

"He has removed the heavy metal resounding board of the pianoforte and placed magnets near the strings, destined to transform the mechanical vibrations of the strings into electric vibrations, from which the modified and purified tone reaches the megaphone, which finally makes it audible. This system enables the inventor to give new possibilities to the instrument. He can also assimilate the pianoforte tone to that of the organ, string, or wind-instruments."

ANOTHER type of electric pianoforte is represented by two systems, the Vierling and the Nernst. The latter is the invention of the celebrated physicist of Berlin University. Says Mr. Leichtentritt:

"The new instrument is ready for sale, and its price is considerably less than that of a corresponding Bechstein grand pianoforte. It adds to the tonal effect of the pianoforte the faculty of prolonging a tone and of making a crescendo or diminuendo. Moreover, the instrument can at the same time perform the services of a phonograph and of a radio, and the effect is extraordinary and surprizing. Doubts arose, however, whether the Nernst pianoforte would be equally fit for playing music that depended upon color effects, refinement of touch, and pedal work.

"The pioneer of electric music in Germany is Jörg Mager, who was the first to experiment in this line. He anticipated even the Russian inventor Theremin, who was more fortunate in attracting public attention a few years ago. His most phenomenal piece of work, recently finished, is a large and powerful electric organ, with not a single organ-pipe. The fine 32-foot sub-bass is represented by a piece of an old iron stove-pipe in connection with a membrane. At this summer's festival plays at Baireuth, Mager was commissioned to construct the bells for the 'Parsifal' performances. Mager devised electric bell-music of much finer effect, utilizing Javanese gongs. The sound seemed to come from mysterious heights far away."

Air-Filters for Hay-Fever

PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM HAY-FEVER will soon be able to have air-filters installed in their homes, which will remove irritating pollen from the air.

Experiments just concluded at the University of Illinois Research Hospitals have demonstrated the practicability of relieving hay-fever patients of distress by means of air-filters. The filters used were adapted from the commercial form by Dr. William H. Welker, and were used in an extensive series of experiments conducted by Drs. Tell Nelson and Ben Z. Rappaport. Says a mail report from Science Service (Washington):

"People suffering from hay-fever, according to Dr. Rappaport, were relieved of most of their symptoms in from one-half to one and a half hours after entering a room in which the air had been drawn in from the outside through these filters. Patients who were used in these experiments slept well, except on very hot nights, when the room was uncomfortable because of the heat, but patients suffering from asthma were only partly relieved.

"'Actually, very severe cases of hay-fever, who find life almost intolerable for two months unless they get away,' Dr. Rappaport said, 'are greatly benefited. The filtration is at best, however, as an adjunct to treatment by immunization.'

"People who are only partially relieved by immunization treatment, he pointed out, can be benefited by using in addition a filtering-machine in their bedrooms, thus exposing them to pollen only when they must be outdoors. A good percentage of the 2,500,000 to 6,000,000 people who have hay-fever in the United States can in this way be partially aided.

"The experiments carried on at the University of Illinois were conducted in one of the wards where a machine was installed which drew air in from the outside through paper filters. Over 100 persons were observed. Those with hay-fever only were kept in the room at night and permitted to pursue their customary activities during the daytime. Patients with asthma were kept in the room twenty-four hours of the day.

"The hay-fever cases were relieved of most of their symptoms in from one-half to one and a half hours after entering the room. They slept well. The relief, however, was not complete, as most of them had a mild attack of hay-fever in the morning on awakening.

"The asthma cases caused by the fall pollens were only partially relieved, several not until they had been in the room four or five days. Their asthma returned a few hours after leaving for home.

"Further work is being planned by the University of Illinois group for next year, with improved filtration machinery."

Electric Light Without Current

THE light shown in the picture needs no electric current! Altho an ordinary mazda electric lamp, with a five-foot aerial, it lights merely by reason of its presence in an ultra-high-frequency field in the power-tube laboratory of the Westinghouse Electric Company. Says a press bulletin issued by the company:

"The field is produced by a standing wave oscillator which sends out from the antenna overhead 15,000 watts of power as ultra-short radio waves, three meters long, and alternating 100,000,000 times a second.

"This tremendous power lights all lamp bulbs within forty feet, cooks food in a matter of seconds, and raises body temperature one degree per minute—all due to the electro-magnetic field. H. V. Noble, Westinghouse research engineer, hurriedly explains the phenomena to Evelyn Tray (left) and Vera Goga, because, after a few more minutes in the field's influence, they too will feel 'lit.'"

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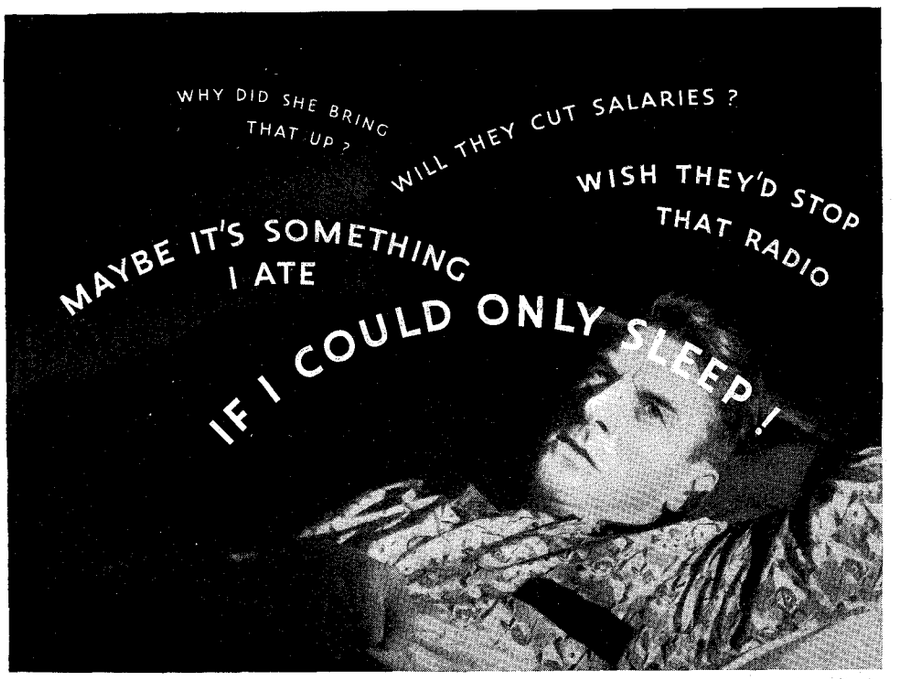
SOUND SLEEP

Instantly Tonight, Without Drugs

Feel Like A New Person Tomorrow



STOP TOSSING AND LYING AWAKE LIKE THIS

THOSE ghastly hours of night-time tossing! Those exaggerated worries that loom like mountains when you cannot get to sleep. How they sap your strength—unstring your nerves—and unfit you for your work.

Why suffer them any longer? Why endure the physical and mental handicaps they inevitably bring?

For 20,000 doctors will tell you that sleeplessness is needless folly now. Will tell you there is now a drugless way that brings you sleep—naturally, quickly.

It is a delicious food-drink that you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you give your child.

You fall asleep almost as soon as you touch the pillow. And you get 8 hours of sound, natural sleep.

Next morning you notice the difference the instant you arise from bed. You feel refreshed—rejuvenated. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far. No longer a prey to the worries that always seem so mountainous when your system is starved for sleep.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your nerves, your body, your tissues—during the hours you sleep.

Millions are now using this remarkable discovery. Millions are turning to it largely on doctors' advice. In fairness to yourself, your health, your nerves—try it without fail. See how quickly you fall asleep—how vastly refreshed you feel next morning.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. For, in addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains (in concentrated form) a natural vital property called "lecithin" which is an important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild worn-out nerve, brain and body cells as you sleep.

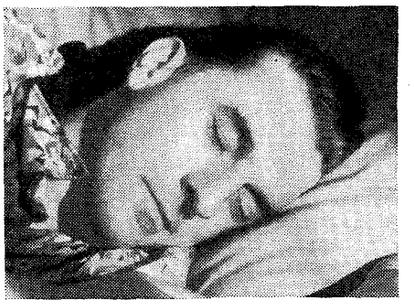
Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—and helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight!

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries . . . *Try it and see for yourself.*



FALL ASLEEP AS SOON AS YOU GO TO BED

So start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

873-S

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Burning Up the Track With Mick the Miller

SIXTY-SIX POUNDS of eager, quivering greyhound, capable of earning $50,000 in two years.

The trap was sprung and away he went, streaking down the track after the bounding tin bunny.

Mick the Miller, the cup-winning brindled racer, seemed

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Glancing Over Some of His Cups and Trophies

oblivious of his rivals. But not too oblivious to jockey himself into an inside position before the half-way point was reached.

Mick never showed to better advantage than in this English race—the Greyhound St. Leger, last September—according to a writer in *The American Weekly*. It was, we are assured, "the climax of his career. The dog's braininess, that night at Wembley Stadium, made thousands of people, many of whom were only occasional patrons of dog racing, go wild with excitement and enthusiasm.

"Hats and caps were thrown in the air; women hugged their escorts round the neck when they saw Mick carrying off a victory that was not expected of him; even the book-makers shook hands with those to whom they had to pay out."

Mick the Miller was trained in County Wicklow, Ireland, by Father Brohy, a priest, who took him to London, in 1929, for the Greyhound Derby at the White City track. Mick won the race, and Father Brohy sold him for $4,000. This purchaser, a few months later, resold him for $10,000 to Arundel H. Kempton. Mr. Kempton, a manufacturer, was director of the Wimbledon Greyhound Racing Track, near London. He bought the dog on behalf of his wife.

The Kemptons have never regretted the price they paid for Mick, we are told, "for in prizes alone, since the beginning of 1930, Mick has won an aggregate of $50,000. This brindled wonder, with quarters such as have never been equaled in a greyhound, won the Derby again in 1930, and brought in as prize-money $7,500 for that one race."

AND now, the account continues, "the dog which came from Ireland unheralded, two years ago, roams about in the quietness of the village of Walton-on-Thames. His career is over at last, and he is taken into the house, now and then, to gaze at the sideboard covered with cups which he has won.

"Mrs. Kempton has decided to let Mick become the father of a family. But she says that, no matter what a litter of pups may bring forth in the way of another doggy champion, there can never be for her another Mick the Miller."

After the Kemptons bought Mick, they sent him down to Walton-on-Thames, "where he was put under the care of Sidney J. Orton, the trainer, who is in charge of one of the seven lots of kennels that belong to the Wimbleton company." And, as the writer in *The American Weekly* continues:

Month by month his times for all the distances from 500 to 700 yards grew faster. He got up in the morning at 7 o'clock, and was turned out to romp about and play with other canine streaks of lightning. Then he was given a gallop over a quarter of a mile.

The day's routine went on to breakfast, which was of Veda bread, milk, and eggs prepared in a kitchen and turned out into big scoured pans with a care and a cleanliness that the chef of the most fashionable hotel couldn't excel.

After breakfast, Mick had his road-work in company with the sixty-four other dogs under Sidney Orton's care. With these kennel companions, Mick, altho he knows he is an aristocrat among dogs, was quite friendly, and he did not give himself many airs. It is when he comes to the actual race-track that Mick shows by his bearing that he is well aware of his status. He is aloof. He will have no petting, no praise from admiring humans. He has only one thought. To be off after that electric rabbit.

Not because Mick has any illusions that it is a real hare. He will look at the dummy hare, which is kept at the kennels for training, and take no interest in it at all. He knows it is a different proposition from the occasional quadruped that he has seen running across fields in the country around Walton-on-Thames. But as soon as that electric hare is in motion, Mick knows what is expected of him. It is the excuse for his running against those other dogs.

Then he loses all ideas of friendship. He has never fought in his life. He just disdains the others on the track, even if he has slept next door to one of them, the previous night, and has met him at breakfast.

The inside track is the favored one, of course. The greyhound that draws it is usually believed to have the best chance of

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Mick's Best Portrait, with Mrs. Kempton

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. . For Fewer and Less Severe Colds this Winter . . .

Mothers adopt Vick "*Colds-Control*" Plan

Doubly welcome to mothers is news that the makers of Vicks VapoRub have perfected a Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—to lessen the number and severity of colds and reduce their costs in money, lost time and health. The Plan is introduced along with Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, based on a new idea for *preventing* colds—companion product to VapoRub, the modern, external method of *treating* colds.

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE VICK PLAN:

1. BEFORE *a Cold Starts*—

When children come in sniffling and sneezing, apply a few Vicks Drops up each nostril. Use the Drops yourself at that first scratchy, sneezy irritation of the nose or upper throat—Nature's warning that you are "catching cold." If you or the children catch cold easily, use the Drops after exposure to any condition you know is apt to be followed by a cold—dry, over-heated rooms—indoor crowds—sudden changes, wet or cold—dust and smoke—etc., etc.—and there is the slightest stuffiness. Used in time, many colds can be avoided.

2. AFTER *a Cold Starts*—

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub. Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave bed-clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long. During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Drops as needed for ease and comfort. This gives you full 24-hour treatment—and without the risks of constant internal "dosing," so often upsetting to digestion, especially the delicate digestions of children.

TRIAL OFFER

You have Vicks VapoRub—now get Vicks Nose Drops and use together as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—to reduce their number and severity. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist is authorized to refund your money.

To Reduce your Family's "Colds-Tax"

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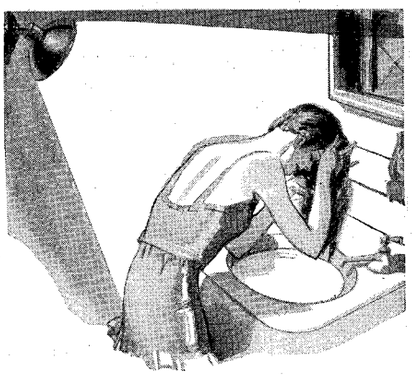

Winter? What of it!

HAVE A SUN BATH

with this convenient, new G-E Bathroom Sunlamp

Only $26.50 **(installed price slightly higher)**

Don't let gloomy weather depress you this winter. Keep up your healthy optimism, and that bubbling-over feeling of good cheer by getting at least one "sun" bath every day—or night. With a new G-E Sunlamp in your bathroom, it's so simple . . . so easy. Just turn it on when bathing, shaving, shampooing. Let the whole family enjoy it . . . benefit by it.

A genuine G-E Sunlamp, equipped with the new Mazda Sunlight Lamp, gives you practically all the beneficial ultra-violet rays in midsummer sunshine. Cheery, convenient, helpful, and safe as the sun itself! Can be installed on wall or ceiling—out of the way, yet ready for instant use.

Get one today from your G-E dealer, and make your own "sunshine" this winter.

Other G-E Sunlamps, for living room, sun room and office, range in price from $34.50 to $59.50. Send for our booklet which tells you more about the benefits of ultra-violet. And see all these Sunlamps at your G-E dealer's.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E wiring system. It provides adequate outlets conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

GENERAL ELECTRIC SUNLAMP

Merchandise Dept., Section L-521
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me free booklet, "Sunshine and Health," telling more about the health benefits of ultra-violet.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Give to your local welfare and relief organization, to your community chest or to your emergency unemployment committee, for unemployment relief.

winning. But when Mick is racing, this rule goes overboard. For, we read on:

Within half the distance of the course, Mick has managed to get that inside berth. He knows its advantages. He uses his speed to get there by running across in front of the other dogs, and when he has got it, he sees that he keeps it. Mick has never been known to look round during a race, but he seems to have eyes in his hindquarters, for he will swerve a trifle just as another dog thinks he might pass him, and that swerve is enough to take the other dog off its stride.

It was after the first few of those races, that have brought in $50,000 to Mrs. Kempton, besides enough cups and rose-bowls to stock a shop, that Mick convinced the whole greyhound racing world that he was a dog in a class by himself. In the Derby of 1930 he was badly placed in starting, but within 250 yards he had run himself into position just like a clever jockey steering his mount to a favorable place for keeping clear of "the ruck."

Here is an astonishing point about Mick's diet. He never has a drink. Sidney Orton decided, long ago, that the dogs under his care could get all the liquid they required out of their food. In the two meals a day—of which the evening one, at four o'clock, consists of meat stew, vegetables, and raw meat—he reckons that Mick has all the water he requires. To give greyhounds water separately, considers Orton, is to make just that shade of difference between a dog being well trained and a dog being "on top of his toes." All the drink that Mick ever has is a cup of cold tea, after a race. And during the whole two years that Mrs. Kempton has owned Mick, his weight has never varied more than twelve ounces, being about sixty-six pounds.

Like race-horses, greyhounds have a best season of the year, a period when they are right at the peak of their form. Mick's is from April to September, and he is trained accordingly, to be at his very fastest then.

Mick's fastest means that he covers 524 yards, the most usual distance for a dog-race, in 29.55 seconds, and 600 yards, which is Mick's best distance, in 34.01 seconds. This speed means that six-hundredths of a second sees him cover his own length over the ground. These greyhound enthusiasts and trainers talk in hundredths of a second, and they will refer to a track as being so many hundredths of a second faster or slower than another.

Mick has two personalities, the anonymous writer says, continuing the sketch:

In the kennels, and when Mr. and Mrs. Kempton are near him, he is as playful and affectionate as any terrier puppy, altho he is now five and a half years of age. He will romp and do doggy tricks when no electric hare or racing-track is in sight. But when Mick goes to the trap, he forgets his playfulness.

On the other hand, he has never forgotten Father Brohy. When the priest came over last year, Mick picked him out of a crowd and ran to him as quickly as if the reverend gentleman had been the electric hare.

This canine wonder has an exceptionally long tail. There are people who think that a greyhound uses its tail to steer itself with. They do give it a flick when rounding corners, but the best greyhounds, like Mick, keep their tails well down and almost touching the ground when running at top speed. "Tail on floor" they call it.

Many of the actresses in the "talkies" use Vapex

COLD DISTRESS VANISHES

You will be honestly surprised how quickly and pleasantly Vapex relieves a cold.

Just a few deep breaths and your head clears, your nose stops running—you would almost believe you never had a cold. Yet it is as simple to use as perfume and as delightful.

Vapex is useful for all minor nasal ills. It was discovered in England in 1915 during a war-time epidemic of influenza, and is now known all over the world as the modern way to relieve a cold.

Keep a bottle handy on your dressing-table and use it at the first sneeze or sniffle. 100 applications in the $1 bottle—an average of 1c each. Always ask for V-A-P-E-X.

E. Fougera & Co., Inc. *Distributors of Medicinal Products Since* 1849.

A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away

Don't count sheep. Just use Vapex on your pillow at night

Passed and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health • Good Housekeeping Magazine

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Sweetness and Light and Socks Make This Fighter Versatile

BOXING'S jack of all trades is not putting all of his eggs in one basket. In other words, Albert Leslie Grayson, the amateur heavyweight, who, we are assured, "can hit and take it," and needs just a little seasoning, is an actor, artist's model, interior decorator, and a fairly good sketcher.

Just to top it off and leave every one breathless, the United Press tells us, "he once made a model T Ford do eighty-four miles an hour."

When he isn't posing for life classes at Harvard's Fogg Art Museum, the sketch continues, "or taking a drawing lesson, or just reading a good book, he may be found at Jim Toland's gymnasium, where his boxing is the principal topic of conversation." Reading on:

Grayson has acquired none of the customary markings of the boxing craft. His ears do not suggest a vegetable, and his nose is decently straight and upstanding. There is, however, a trifling lump on his chin. One of his handlers explained it thus:

"Aw, it's nothing. We didn't even notice it until one night he was fighting a pretty tough boy and stopt a fast one close to the button. We saw it when we were working on him and asked him about it. He says it was just where he got kicked by a mule when he was a kid."

Aside from his more artistic endeavors Grayson has followed a few trades that have nothing to do with "sweetness and light." He has been a mechanic, a salesman, a plumber, and a butcher. His mechanical ability enabled him to win a bet once. He wagered he could make a Ford—a model T—do eighty miles an hour. The bet was snapt up, and Grayson bought an antique machine for $15. He took it apart, doctored the engine and put it together again under a stream-line body. The car, he claims, did eighty-four and collapsed.

Boxing's jack of all trades is twenty-three, stands a half inch short of six feet, and weighs 185 pounds.

Porkers All Lit Up

University of California experts in animal industry are on the way to developing phosphorescent pigs which will glow at night. Research for a cure for narcotic enteritis discovered the cause of the disease as a lack of calcium and phosphorus in the blood. The students have come to believe that enough phosphorus may be administered to make the porkers luminous, but just what they will be good for has not been announced.—*New York Times.*

What they will be good for, should be obvious enough, at least to a Florida student. Perhaps the need is lacking in California.

Phosphorescent pigs, and luminous cows, are just the thing for stocking the State highways.

Live-stock owners should be compelled by law to feed their animals phosphorus so the motorists can see them at night.—*Tampa Tribune.*

"I am 46 years old..."

"TWENTY-FOUR years ago I graduated from college with no money or financial background. I've been married twenty years and I have two children in their teens, both in boarding school. When I went to work I took the advice of a good friend, many years my senior, and did two things—I opened a savings bank account and bought $1,000 life insurance.

"As the years went by the savings account grew and out of it I invested in various stocks and bonds. I started my own business and we made money. And every year as my income increased I bought more and more life insurance. Three years ago I found myself in a most enviable position. I owned a valuable home and an additional piece of good real estate; I owned a nice little box full of what I believed to be fine investment securities; my business was growing; and I had built up an investment in life insurance well over $100,000.

"Then came the beginning of our years of distress. If you are my age, or younger, or older, you know what I went through. My real estate is sound and well located. But if I had to sell it I would get less than I put into it. My business has shrunk; the old days of an annual increase are temporarily over. And of my stocks, all of leading American industries, some $40,000 have melted to a sale value of about $13,000.

"In other words, if I should die tonight, I would leave my family real estate that can't be sold except at great sacrifice; a business that would suffer by my absence; stocks depleted in value and, the one thing that has been absolutely unaffected—my life insurance, which is unimpaired.

"Let everything else go; I have an estate. My children's education is assured, my wife will continue to live comfortably. It will not be necessary to sell my house at a loss to pay taxes and raise money. My business can suffer, dividends from stocks may fail, but my family's income is assured.

"I want my boy to read this. I want him while he is young to buy insurance. And there are better policies today than I could buy, then. I'm not an insurance expert. Let one of them talk to you and tell you what you should buy, but all I can say is, it's the good old insurance policy that helps you to keep smiling when everything else has taken a nose dive."

Thursday, January 21st
is National Life Insurance Day

• • • •

"Give more thought to the Life Insurance you now own"

THE EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

THOMAS I. PARKINSON, PRESIDENT, 393 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet "Free From the Perils of Financial Misadventure."

Name_____

Address_____ **Age**_____

46D

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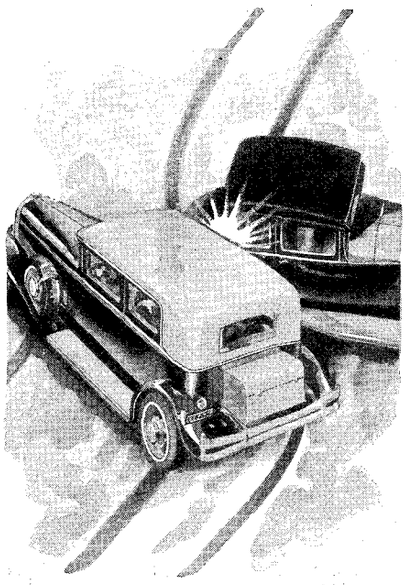


This Accident Cost $156.95

Both drivers were at fault because neither car had on Weed Tire Chains, although pavements were covered with snow. Repairs cost $156.95. It happened in split seconds. Don't let it happen to you. Save repair bills, save hospital bills by using Weed Americans.

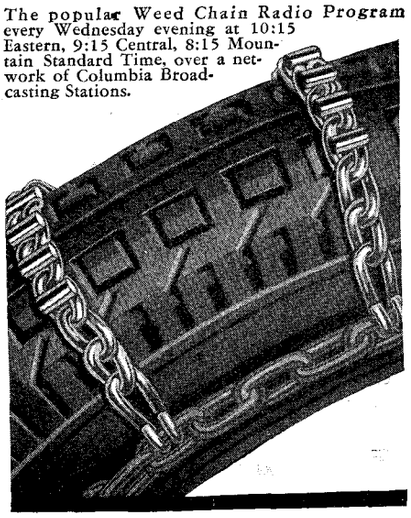
These are the new type tire chains with reinforcing bars double-welded across the contact links. This gives twice the wearing surface, and a tenacious grip. Weed Americans "double the mileage" because of the special Weedalloy, a tougher, harder metal.

Accept only genuine Weed Americans. Look for RED connecting hooks stamped "Weed," gray galvanized side chains, brass-plated cross chains. Made only by the American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. In Canada: Dominion Chain Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

ACCO

Use WEED AMERICAN TIRE CHAINS

The popular Weed Chain Radio Program every Wednesday evening at 10:15 Eastern, 9:15 Central, 8:15 Mountain Standard Time, over a network of Columbia Broadcasting Stations.



The Wrongs of Santa Claus (Ind.)

"'SHOOT if you must this old gray head,' but spare our Santa Claus," said Senator Watson to Postmaster-General Brown.

And the Postmaster-General, we learn, is giving consideration to the problem of whether—in view of some complications of the recent Christmas mail rush—he will abolish Santa Claus, or grant a pardon.

The dignified Senator from Indiana did not, of course, use the precise words we have imputed to him in the first paragraph. But that is what he meant. And the entire Hoosier delegation in Congress, we read, backed him up when Santa Claus's existence was threatened by an unfeeling Post-office Department.

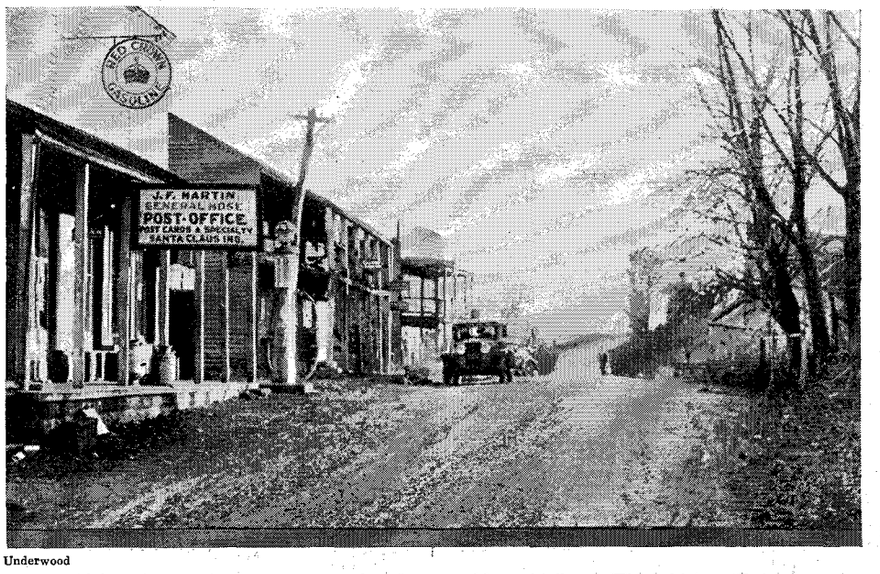
Santa Claus is, as everybody ought to know, a little town in Spencer County, down in the southern part of Indiana. Jim Martin is postmaster there, and proprietor of the general store.

During most of the year there isn't a great deal doing in Santa Claus, in comparison, say, with Indianapolis. But just before Christmas there's a vastly different story. Then from all over America, and even from abroad, come packages of Christmas cards and parcels to be remailed by Jim Martin, so that they will bear the magical Santa Claus postmark—and prove to recipients that Santa Claus is no myth.

How much mail? So much that the capacity of the little post-office is taxed. A change in the name of the town is proposed to do away with its special lure. The Post-office Department is awaiting a report on mail congestion in Santa Claus and elsewhere before taking action.

IN 1930 the Santa Claus post-office handled 45,000 pieces of mail during the two weeks before Christmas. In 1931, says Jim Martin, as quoted in an Associated Press dispatch, "we handled that much in one day." It is a rush that turns the little post-office from the fourth-class rating its earnings entitle it to for the rest of the year, to a first-class one.

The report that caused the Indiana Congressmen to petition Mr. Brown to let Santa Claus alone was, according to the New York *Times*, "that a large Rochester, New York, business house notified the Post-office Department that they expected to mail more than 1,000,000 pieces from the Indiana village this Christmas." However:



Underwood

There Wasn't Such a Rush at the Post-office When This Was Taken, but Look at the Two Automobiles on the Main Street

> Something went wrong and the plans were changed, it is said, and this caused Mr. Brown to declare that on January 1, 1932, the name would be changed from Santa Claus to a less conspicuous designation to avert Christmas mail rushes in the future.
>
> This aroused Indianans, who hold that Mr. Brown can not change the name of the village, and for that reason should not change the name of its post-office. For humanitarian reasons, also, they say that if the little post-office brings happiness each year to the children of the world, it is of but little concern to the post-office officials in providing for additional help.

AND the New York *Sun* feels much the same way, it seems, for it says in an editorial:

> While the official objections to patronage of distant post-offices are soundly based, it seems as if the harmless and entertaining functions of the post-office Santa Claus might be preserved without undue danger.
>
> A special notice might be attached to each letter or package, setting forth the facts plainly for adult understanding.
>
> At least the experiment may be worth trying, unless the department has evidence of wrongful use of the subterfuge. If the post-office were run by private enterprise its managers would find a way to capitalize the fancy which makes many innocent

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persons wish to have on the Yuletide greetings the postmark of Santa Claus.

JIM MARTIN'S own account of the Christmas rush at Santa Claus is graphic.

"It takes quite a lot of work to handle my Christmas mail," he says, as quoted in the Washington *Post*. Thus:

There are thousands of Christmas greetings and hundreds of packages sent here for remailing. Then, too, thousands write for a little information about myself and the post-office at Santa Claus. Children from all over the country write me, and since these letters are addrest to me in person, and a lot of charity associations ask for the letters from the poor children, I have to read them all.

Last Christmas I was compelled to swear in four extra officials, who were kept busy receiving, assorting, and dispatching the great quantity of mail. We worked all day, and sometimes until one o'clock in the morning, and I was compelled to clean up each day so as not to get behind.

Mail began coming in on November 10, and kept increasing until about December 15, when I was sending out from 6,000 to 10,000 letters daily. These letters are sent to me in packages with stamps on them, or money for stamps, with orders from the senders what to do with them. I open them and read the orders, and make the disposition requested. They all want a clear-hand canceled postmark of the post-office at Santa Claus on each letter and package so that their relatives and friends will know that there is a Santa Claus, after all.

MARTIN says, *The Post* continues, "that last year he received several hundred letters from a firm in New Zealand to be mailed from Santa Claus in time to reach that far-distant country before Christmas Day."

The most remarkable feature of "this mushroom popularity" is the fact that "the little town is five miles from the nearest railway," we are told as we turn to the Springfield Sunday *Union and Republican:*

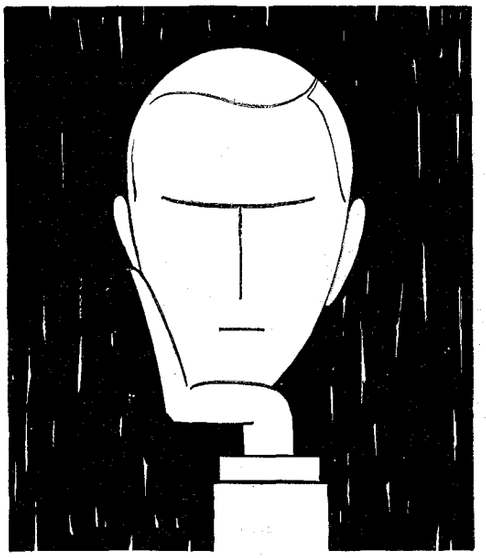
All mail must be trucked that distance, and the outbound mail trucked back again. Ninety-nine per cent. of the packages, letters, and cards that are hauled into Santa Claus are directed to the postmaster.

The department has finally recognized his plight, and the electric machines and some experienced assistants give him the peace of mind that seemed permanently lost.

And Uncle Sam's strong box is not being injured either. The sale of stamps incidental to the double-routing gives the postal income a healthy boost.

Altho the village has retained the name of Santa Claus for three-quarters of a century, "no one ever thought to capitalize upon it until within the past few years," we are told as we come upon an explanation of how Santa Claus came by its picturesque name:

When the settlement was first founded away back in the 'forties, the settlers selected the name of Santa Fé. The Post-office Department rejected the choice because another town in Indiana had made the same selection. A compromise was reached by which the Santa was retained and Claus substituted for Fé.



WHAT are you thinking?

Is there *fear* in your business thinking? Drive it out! Fear is just another word for failure. See what happens when fear takes the helm!... Did any salesman ever make a sale when he was afraid?... Will people buy when fear says "You can't afford it?"

Can you create confidence in your own organization, or win public acceptance for your product, if you are intimidated by your own doubts and apprehensions?...Are worthwhile ideas born of desperation?...or of courage?

Come on, America—break with fear!

Yes, it's easier said than done. But do you realize that this nation has everything in man-power, money and machinery that we possessed when business was booming? Our national wealth is 350 billion dollars. Over 40 millions of our population are gainfully employed, providing the greatest buying market the world has ever known.

Our people have a rainy-day provision, for themselves, of 27 billion dollars in savings banks!—and 100 billion dollars in life insurance! Our currency system is backed by an unprecedented gold reserve. We boast productive capacity for mass output beyond anything the past has ever seen!

Isn't it up to all of us to get fear out of our thinking... planning... doing? Wouldn't you like to talk things over with the principals of an advertising agency who see national duty and opportunity in this light? Our faith in our ability to serve clients to their profit and satisfaction is based on performance—and the advertising we prepare is built upon an unemotional analysis of human emotions.

SAMUEL C. CROOT COMPANY, INC.

Advertising

28 WEST 44th STREET NEW YORK CITY

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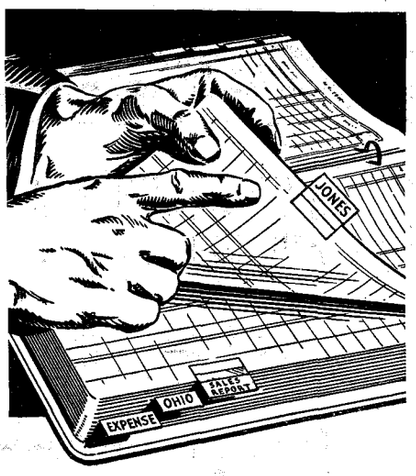


STOP

Right here is the Jones Report!

DANGER

His sales are shrinking!

GO

To the page you need - - instantly!

All day long you speed down the well marked highway of business . . . waste no time in detours of search . . . avoid traffic jams of confusion! Every important record is constantly, instantly, visibly spotted at your command when indexed with

RAND

MAK-UR-OWN

INDEX TABS

Mark every thumb-turned page and finger worn record - - Mak-your-own tabs - - as easy to attach as a postage stamp - - as clear as your own eyesight.

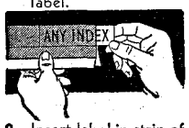
Flash *any desired color* on the margins of your records . . . pink, orange, blue, yellow, green or clear celluloid for expense items, sales, advertising, subjects, names - - any classifications.

Change your labels as often as you like. Cannot fall out or get soiled.

Save time, temper, money, and records with self-aligning, linen reenforced Mak-ur-own Tabs. Strengthens records. Inexpensive, permanent.

Rand Mak-ur-own Index Tabs come in handy six inch strips of glistening transparent celluloid. Cut to the size of your index label, as big or as little as you please. Three widths, for one, two or three lines of indexing, written or typed.

1. Type, write, or print label.



2. Insert label in strip of Mak-ur-own.

3. Cut Mak-ur-own strip to fit the label - - no waste.

4. Attach finished Mak-ur-own tab to index sheet.

Go to your stationer for Mak-ur-own Index Tabs in widths and colors to meet your needs.

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
Marietta, Ohio

Send FREE Mak-ur-own to take at least six detours out of our records—Literary Digest, January 16, 1932.

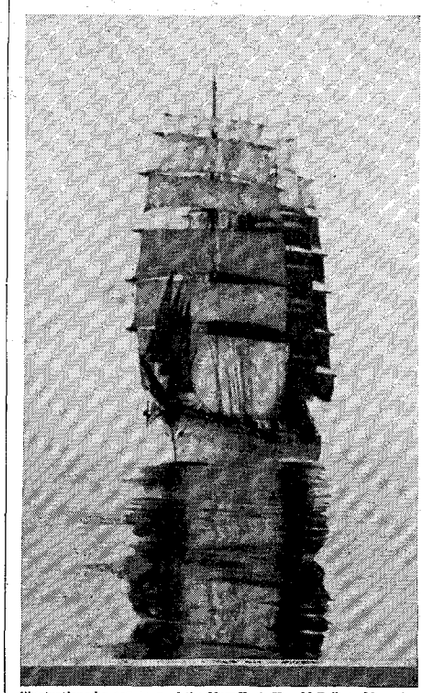
Name_____

Address_____

Round the Horn With the Racing Wheat Ships

SIXTEEN thousand miles of flying spray, swelling seas, and bellying sails. Round the Horn from Australia to England with holds full of wheat.

Twenty square-rigged ships are preparing for their annual cargo race.



Illustrations by courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine

Mistress of the Seas: the "Herzogin Cecilie" in Full Dress

The prospect has thrilled the imaginations of American youth. Romance is not dead in their hearts, it seems. American boys still long to run away to sea. And their sisters are not far behind, either.

A. J. Villiers, sailor-author, published in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine an account of some of his adventures in these annual wheat races—tales of battles with the waves, of the hazards of undermanning, of a woman stowaway, who was supposed to bring bad luck, but didn't.

His vivid description of the dangers and hardships of the long voyage did nothing to lessen the love of adventure of young Americans. On the contrary, ever since his article appeared he has been swamped with letters from would-be sailors (and sailorettes) who want to sail in this year's race.

EVERY day, according to an account in the news columns of *The Herald Tribune*, "he gets letters from boys telling him 'they would be willing to do any goldarned thing if only they could get a place on one of the ships.' School-teachers, he said, had written by the dozens, all wanting to know if they could not work their way by helping the cook." Further:

"A lot of the boys," Mr. Villiers continued, "say they would be willing to pay their way to London or to Australia, or to any other place in the world if they could get a berth on one of these sailing-vessels. They call me on long-distance from Chicago and San Francisco, and already two boys have written me that they are on their way."

One of these, the son of C. W. Lea, of Tacoma, Washington, has given up his work at Yale, and has gone to London to join the crew of the Finnish ship *Hougomont*. Mr. Lea has come to New York to talk with Mr. Villiers about his son's escapade and his flair for adventure.

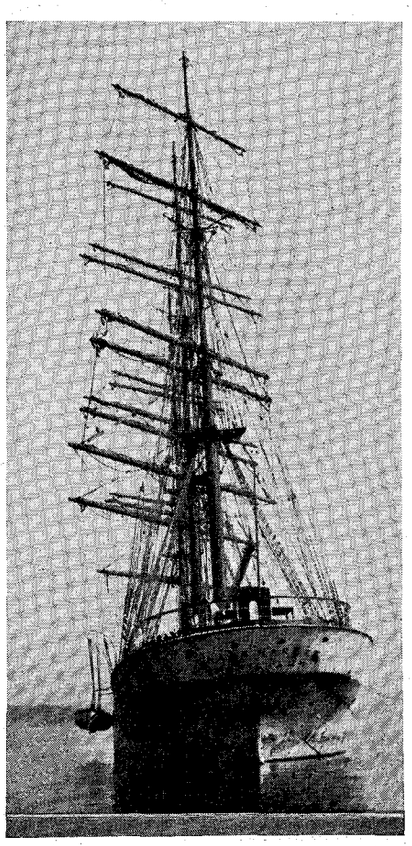
Another lad, Charles V. B. Reilly, of Milwaukee, has sent Mr. Villiers word that if the United States will not enter a ship, it will at least be represented by an American. He is on his way to Sydney from Vancouver. "I should be in Sydney on January 2," he wrote. "I would greatly appreciate it if you could tell me whom I ought to get in touch with when I get there."

Most of the letters have come from New York State, New England, and the State of Washington. "It seems," Mr. Villiers said, "that about a quarter of the boys in Brooklyn want to join the race."

Running through a batch of letters, he pulled out the following:

"Dear Mr. Villiers: I am twenty-seven, pretty strong, am able to look after myself, and would be willing to do any sort of work if I could go with you."

"Mr. Villiers: I am a letter-artist by profession, but I am an adventurer at heart. I do not care how hard the work would be. I would like it."



The "Grace Harwar": Thirteen Men Sailed Her Round the Horn

And another:

"I would consider it a great privilege to work without pay as one of your crew. I could make myself generally useful. I would do anything just to get out of New York."

Mr. Villiers said he would do almost

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anything to give all of these boys places. However, there is nothing that he can do. His own ship, the *Parma*, which he bought in Hamburg, is on its way to Australia in ballast, and has a full crew of German boys and one Englishman. The young Germans and British, he said, seem to be as anxious as the Americans to sail around the Horn. Mr. Villiers tells some of the boys that they might write to Gustaf Erikson, the grand old Finn of Mariehamm, Finland, who owns the greatest sailing fleet in the world, and apply for places as apprentices.

FINNISH boys who want to follow the sea are willing to pay $200 apiece to make the trip for experience, we read. Moreover:

Mr. Villiers declared that yachtsmen in this country also were enthusiastic about the grain race. Several have asked him why he did make his ship into a training-ship for young Americans. He said that he had offers also from old seamen, from young Americans, officers in steam who were dissatisfied with steamships, or who wanted training in sail.

Mr. Villiers said he reminds the girls who write to him that one girl went on the *Herzogin Cecilie* once as a stowaway and that Capt. Reuben de Cloux had advised him if he ever found another aboard his ship, she would be punished severely.

Captain de Cloux is master of Mr. Villiers's *Parma*.

Mr. Villiers remarked that many of the young men applicants are graduates of American universities during the last two years.

"These boys," he said, "seem earnestly to want to get away from the pressure of things as they now exist. They seem to want to leave this so-called civilization, or whatever else it is, behind them and to get as far away from it all as possible."

Mr. Villiers will leave about the middle of February, and expects to arrive in Port Lincoln, South Australia, about the middle of March, and to sail soon after that. The trip normally requires about three months from South Australia to Falmouth.

Several Americans have inspected ships that the United States might enter in the competition. Capt. P. A. McDonald, of Winslow, Washington, has written, "Just find the man with enough red sporting blood in him, and enough money to handle the thing in a proper and seamanlike manner, and I will show you the ship." He would enter the *Moshulu*. Mr. Villiers contends that an American ship could pick up a cargo of grain and make the race as profitably as the German, Finnish, and Swedish vessels.

MR. VILLIERS rounded the Horn in a square-rigger with only nineteen hands, he recalls in his reminiscent account in *The Herald Tribune* Magazine.

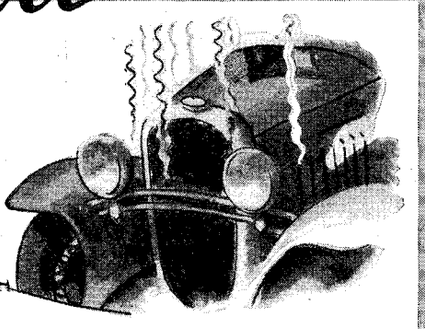
The following year, "in the ship *Grace Harwar*, we had thirteen." In 1928 Mr. Villiers sailed in the famous *Herzogin Cecilie*, "which had been built in 1902 as a German training-ship, and under the German flag sailed with a crew of more than 100. We sailed her with nineteen!" Reading on:

I met an old master of the *Grace Harwar* recently, when she was under the British flag, and he told me he considered her undermanned with thirty. We had thirteen—for a depth of winter Cape Horn

WINTER ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT

but

SUMMER UNDER THE HOOD!



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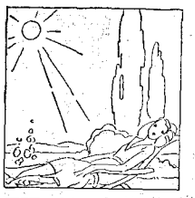

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rounding in a 2,000-ton full-rigged ship, scupper-deep with grain.

Well, the Cape Horn gales shrieked at us, and our decks were covered with ice before we were around—fifty-seven days after leaving Wallaroo. The ship leaked; we had a boy killed aloft; we had another overboard; we had an officer go insane; we were short of food, and living on rotten potatoes and a bad pig for a month. We were 138 days from land to land.

But we brought the ship home. We completed the voyage. She made a slight profit on the freight, at the cost of life, of human suffering, of sanity.

The master was thirty-two, and the average age of the crew was eighteen. There were six able seamen. There was not even a cabin-boy. Cabin-boys are not carried now. We were last that year—a bad last—in a fleet of fourteen ships. Well, we did not mind. We were mighty glad to complete the voyage at all.

In 1928 we were first, with a passage of ninety-six days in the *Herzogin Cecilie*. That was a grand race. We left the same day, from the same port, with the famous Swedish four-master *Beatrice* (which was carrying passengers to Australia as the Scottish *Routenburn* nearly fifty years ago).

The Swedes liked their chance; they said they could chew us up. We told them to go to it. The *Beatrice* was a game rival; we could see that. We knew her record. But we guessed that we had the better vessel for the Cape Horn road—tall and fleet, and immensely strong, steel to her trucks, capable of standing up to any wind the sea could send along.

The Swedish Government donated a cup for the winner, and the Swedish underwriters gave a cup for the winning master. The owners of the *Beatrice*, backing their vessel, added another trophy. The owner of the *Herzogin Cecilie* didn't offer anything.

We were ninety-six days, and *Beatrice* was 112. We took all the trophies. After that there were no more trophies donated while the *Herzogin Cecilie* was in the race!

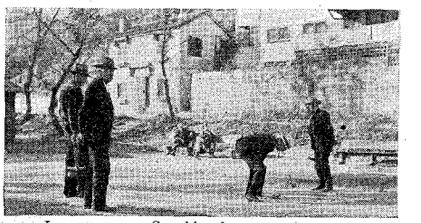
We sailed from Australia to Cape Horn in thirty-three days; we were sixteen of those getting to New Zealand. We sailed the 5,000 miles from New Zealand to the Horn in seventeen days. That was sailing! There are mighty few tramp-steamers that could put up such a time. We were glad, thinking we could show the *Beatrice* something in those stormy seas down there, but we had given up all hope of winning the race the second day out.

THEY found a young woman hiding in the hold. That was something in the nature of a calamity. "A woman stowaway!" Mr. Villiers exclaims as he continues:

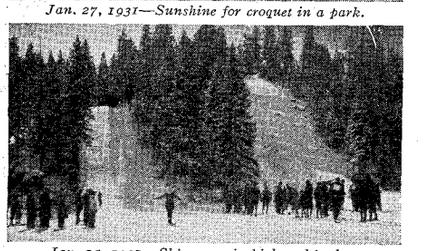
The skipper curst and shut himself in his cabin for two days. All hands immediately looked upon the future with complete melancholy and gave up all hope of beating the *Beatrice* to the English Channel. How could we have any luck with a woman in the ship? The sailors were most pessimistic, and could see no good in life at all. Women might be all right in steamers, they argued; but in a Cape Horn ship they were only in the way. They frowned upon the stowaway, and put her to cleaning the cabin brass, threatening to throw her overboard if anything went wrong, and swearing to put her off aboard the first steamer that we met.

Idle threats. The first steamer we met was on the Line, seventy-two days later. The young woman was still with us.

Then we came into Falmouth Bay,



Jan. 27, 1931—Sunshine for croquet in a park.



Jan. 25, 1931—Ski course in higher altitudes.

from Croquet Court to Ski Course in One January Hour in the Pikes Peak Region

Although the two pictures above were not taken on the same day, they could have been duplicated within an hour on any day of the week a year ago in the Pikes Peak Region.

The dry highway, pictured below, gives some idea of the ease with which the ski course in the higher altitudes could be reached within an hour.

During January, 1931, Colorado Springs and its adjacent region had only one one-hundredth of an inch of moisture—the average for 40 years being less than one-third of an inch for January.

Only two weeks ago, with clear skies and bright sunshine, 30 players entered the annual New Year Day golf tournament. In the dry atmosphere direct sun-heat temperatures are astounding.

Such weather conditions give a hint as to why this Region, with famed hotels open, is such a pleasant place to visit—or to live—all the year. Railroads make no charge for stopovers on transcontinental tickets any time.

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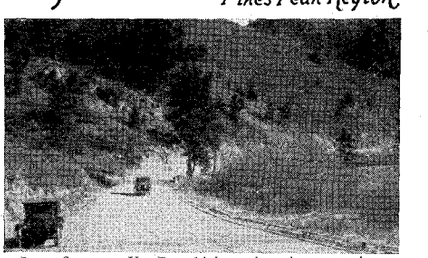

Jan. 18, 1931—Ute Pass highway into the mountains.

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inety-six days out, and looked round emulously for the *Beatrice's* spars. No gn of her; we guessed she had been in ıd gone on to her port of discharge. How ɔuld we have beaten her, with that oman aboard? Then, fearful of his anver, we asked the pilot if the *Beatrice* had ɔme in.

"No," he said.

The woman had not brought us bad luck ter all!

ɔo East, Young Coyote, Go East!

A GRAY, shadowy, slinking form "slipt stealthily through barnyard after ırnyard near Baltimore, leaving a trail of llage and destruction."

Not property destruction, it is true, ucy Salamanca writes in the Baltimore *un* Magazine, "but bits of feathers, a g, a wing, or just nothing at all where a w minutes before chickens or turkeys had ɔosted, or ducks had swum."

The neighborhood considered the evi-ɜnce and said, "Looks like a wolf."

"Nonsense!" laughed the authorities. Whoever heard tell of wolves roaming ; large in the East?"

And, accordingly, "the raids were laid ; the door of whatever innocent fourgged animal chanced to be in the vicinity."

Then, Miss Salamanca's account connues:

One early morning a man and his wife ere riding their horses in the vicinity of ovans, in Baltimore.

A slim, gray, furry creature slunk past ıem, and was off like a streak through the ushes.

Wolf, fox, coyote—the animal belonged ɔ the family of one of these.

Of one thing the man and his wife were ɜrtain. It was not a dog that had terrored the neighborhood for some five weeks. ; was not a dog that had killed more than ɔrty ducks and chickens, more than ɔventeen turkeys during that time.

Returning from his drive the man orıanized a hunting party. The next day ıey ran down and shot a great, gray ıimal that they could not positively lentify. The pelt was sent to the experts ' the Biological Survey in Washington, and ıe report disclosed the fact that the ıarauder had been none other than a ɔyote of the Western plains.

A COYOTE in the East? So far from his ıtive heath?

That such an animal could exist so far om his natural habitat, hemmed in by ıan and his civilization, is only another roof of the adaptability of this wild creaıre, which has wrought such devastation mong the live stock of the West, remarks liss Salamanca, continuing:

His appearance in this section of the ɔuntry has aroused the farmers and city wellers to a cry for relief. It seemed needless destruction—a wanton bit of exɜrmination to wipe out this cunning creaıre of the prairies and plains. But the y old coyote was far from Eastern chicken ɔops or Southern yards at the time.

When he trekked eastward and deɜended upon Eastern ducks and turkeys or outhern sheep and cattle, that was, indeed, nother matter. From New York State,

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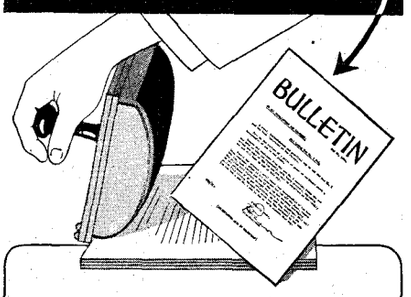

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from Maryland, from Alabama, Georgia, and Florida came stories of coyotes. All the old arguments against the "wanton destruction of America's wild life" were indeed forgotten, and farmers from every corner of the country thought only of meeting this new condition before more stock could be slaughtered.

And they were alarmed with good reason. They have been introduced to a cruel, cunning, treacherous creature, a creature with wits sharpened by contact with man's destructive forces, a creature who has pitted his cleverness against the cleverness of man, who kills for the blood lust more frequently than he kills for food; a creature who has cost the farmers of the United States almost $400,000 annually in the destruction of cattle and sheep, and promises to become a like pest in the East and South unless steps are taken early to wipe out his kind and prohibit his importation into regions unknown to him heretofore. With reason he is known as the "despised coyote," and hunted the length and breadth of the land by trained, keen-eyed hunters of Uncle Sam.

THE coyote "is penetrating wherever he may feed upon the sheep and cattle of the rancher," *The Sun's* writer reports, citing numerous cases, of which we read:

A decade ago there was not one coyote in the high ranges of the national forest. The lush green meadows of these mountains, with their carpets of blueballs, were found to be excellent grazing grounds for prize sheep. And with the introduction of sheep, the coyote followed.

Like the advance guard of an invading army he has spread out into every district where he may work havoc in fold or herd, penetrating as far north as Alaska, making himself at home in the region west of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon, and migrating into the burned overland of the upper peninsula of Michigan.

From 1922 to 1925, 1,337 coyotes were captured in this last State alone.

Even into the Empire State they have made their way. For three winters a coyote pack in the vicinity of Buffalo was hunted assiduously.

But while the old leader of the pack was killed, his followers seemed immune from bullets, traps, poison, and every destructive contrivance set by man for their capture. They continued to forage and destroy, and were seen roaming the farms along the Tonawanda Swamp, killing sheep, pheasants, poultry, cattle—anything that came their way.

It became necessary for the supervisors to appeal to the Government for aid in their extermination, as the large bounty offered had attracted dishonest bounty hunters from the West, who either planted coyotes for later capture, or simply turned in pelts and demanded rewards.

The manner in which coyotes have found their way into Eastern regions and the South is highly interesting, for it illustrates the harm that may be thoughtlessly accomplished. In many instances he has been packed in as a pup by some well-meaning but misguided tourist, who desires him for a pet.

IN the South, in Alabama, Florida and Georgia, the coyote has been introduced by men who follow the hounds, we learn, thus:

These men have written to Western ranges for fox puppies, to be released in their annual fox hunts. In almost ever instance the "fox" has turned out to be coyote, and upon being released, the anim has pursued his instinct to kill, raiding th chicken coops and poultry yards of eve the urban districts, destroying the shee and cattle of the meadow-lands.

In Georgia, for example, a forest range received a letter from a farmer who ha suffered heavy losses because of these free coyotes. "I want to tell you," he wrot "how they are trying to treat me an others about our sheep and hogs. A ma in Texas shipped in some coyotes or wolve and I think they was turned in to kill ou sheep out. If you will come down I wi show you the box they was shipped i Now I have to pay county taxes on shee and government taxes on sheep and I wan you to see the Government helps me pr tect my stock. They have done a dirt trick—getting rid of our sheep, just so the can fox-hunt," and the earnest, if un grammatical son of the soil goes on to ci his grievance at great length.

It was the fox-hunters, too, who intr duced the coyote into Alabama, whe a big coyote was recently killed in th Rainbow Mountain district. In Clayto Alabama, twenty coyotes were turned loo by fox-hunters, and they have since mult plied to an extent that makes them feare and hated by every farmer in the county

Football Talks Back

THERE'S fight in the old game yet. Football has been the football of th critics during the season just ended. Th gridiron game has been booted about a over the lot.

But now that schedules have been com pleted, and players and coaches have caugh their breath, the game and its friends ar beginning to talk back, insisting, in th face of the opposition, that the game neither overhazardous nor overemphasize

The reports of E. K. Hall of Dartmouth chairman of the American Intercollegiat Football Rules Committee for 1931, an of Lou Little, Columbia coach, deal wit these questions, and bristle with interestin arguments and evidence on the subject.

There were two outcries against footba in 1931:

That it was too dangerous. Forty death a new seasonal record, were reported in THE DIGEST of December 26. Since that tim we read, the total has been raised to forty three.

This seems to be a black picture, but M Hall insists that the figures do not tell th whole story.

THEN there is our old friend overemph sis, the cause this past season, as usual, of great deal of argument, pro and con, a over the country.

According to a report submitted b Coach Little and a committee to th American Football Coaches Associatio the game is not overemphasized. If you' going to talk about overemphasis, accor ing to the Little report, student public tions, crew, dramatics, lacrosse, and d bating are more guilty than football.

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First taking up Mr. Hall's remarks on football deaths, we read in his report:

Only two fatal injuries occurred on varsity, class, or intramural teams of the members of this organization [National Collegiate Athletic Association]. One of these was apparently caused by a collision resulting in a concussion of the brain. No sport is free from this type of accident, but, fortunately, it is seldom fatal.

The other case was one of a spinal injury. It happened in an ordinary tackle. Only two men were involved. The tackler failed to hit the runner with his shoulder, and struck the runner's knee or thigh with his head. This has happened hundreds of times before without injury. This time was the sad exception.

It is not my purpose at this time to comment in detail on the other cases—thirty-four in all—contained in the published list I have before me, and cited as evidence in an arraignment of the dangers of college football.

Some six of these occurred in minor college and normal-school games. The balance of the list is about evenly divided between boys playing on high-school teams, in most instances with little or no supervision, and boys playing in unorganized or sandlot games without any supervision whatsoever.

The list itself is in other respects distinctly misleading and unfair. The case of an eight-year-old boy who chased his football under a motor-truck, the case of the high-school boy who was so keen to get into a game that he concealed from his coach the fact that he had been suffering for hours from an appendix, which was ruptured during the game, the cases of neglected scratches that later developed blood-poisoning, and the several cases where apparently minor injuries were not given prompt and proper medical treatment, can not honestly be charged up against the game of football.

It is not without significance that there were only two fatalities on major-college teams, each of them the result of pure accident, and not the result of any particular style of play.

There were no fatalities on any of the professional teams.

There were no fatalities and, so far as my information goes, no serious injuries in any one of the private schools of the country. This is especially significant, as in many of these schools all the boys who are physically fit are required to play football. Supervision in these schools is usually of the highest type.

THE Little report is "a lengthy, statistics-studded document in refutation of the alleged overemphasis of football," according to a summary by Will Wedge in the New York *Sun*. Pursuing this digest:

It shows, among other things, that football ranks only sixth in the number of hours devoted to practise and lectures during the season, taking up less of the students' time than such extracurricular activities as student publications, crew, dramatics, lacrosse, and debating.

Also, football ranks but fourteenth in time devoted to various activities by students out of season, glee-club activity, for instance, being one of the things that makes more demands on the youngsters.

In length of daily practise during the season, football stands fifth, with an average of 1.78 hours. In this connection it is surprizing that it is the game of golf that requires the greatest amount of practise by the students, an average of 2.15 hours.

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DEXTER: You bet it is. How do you do it?

CLARKE: I deal DIRECT by mail with Postal Life in New York.

DEXTER: I've heard of Postal, of course, but I don't know much about the Company. How can you save money by dealing with them?

CLARKE: That's easy. But I'll let you answer your own question. What do you think comprises the biggest item of expense in the policy you buy the usual way, through agents?

DEXTER: Everybody knows that. The agent's commission.

CLARKE: Right! His commission is included in the premiums *you* pay, and that runs into considerable money, let me tell you. But, not at Postal Life. They have no agents so you are not charged for agent's commissions.

DEXTER: Well, I can see right away, that that would be a big saving.

CLARKE: Yes, but you get the benefit of still other savings when you deal direct. Postal Life has no branch offices. The *elimination* of their rentals, and expenses for office help, benefit the Postal policy holders.

DEXTER: Say, that's splendid. But is there any way the policy holder can figure out exactly how much these savings are going to reduce his premiums?

CLARKE: Indeed there is. Postal Life guarantees you a 9½% dividend on your policy, deductible from every premium. Not only the first year, remember, but *every year*. And Postal premiums are extremely low—lower than those of most insurance companies.

DEXTER: Wait a minute, Clarke, aren't dividends paid by other insurance companies, too?

CLARKE: Sure they are—contingent dividends—payable from year to year as earned. But Postal pays these as well. The 9½% guaranteed dividend is the *extra* saving earned by the policy holder for dealing direct, instead of through agents and branches.

DEXTER: That seems like good sound, common sense. Now how do you take out a policy by mail with Postal? Is it complicated?

CLARKE: Simplest thing in the world. Postal sends you very full information about the Company and its various policies. They even recommend the right policy for you. Everything is in strictest confidence. No agent knows your business.

DEXTER: You've got me almost sold, Clarke, but just a few more questions. Here I am in Iowa and Postal is in New York. Suppose something happened and my wife needed the money quickly, then what?

CLARKE: Postal Life has an enviable record for quick settlement of claims. More than 94% are settled within 24 hours.

DEXTER: Now just one last question—how safe is Postal?

CLARKE: Before I took out my policy I investigated the Postal Life Company thoroughly. I discovered that they had more than $50,000,000 insurance in force and that their annual income is over $2,000,000. They have resources of more than $20,000,000 and this year marks their 26th in business. They operate under the strict supervision of the New York State Insurance Department and because they deal direct, through the mails, they are subject to the United States Postal Authorities—an extra assurance of safety.

DEXTER: Thanks ever so much, old man, I'm going to write Postal Life tonight and get them to figure on a policy for me. That saving of 9½% looks good and I would rather put it in my pocket than pay it needlessly.

CLARKE: You'll never regret it. You couldn't select a better company than Postal. You'll save considerable money dealing direct, and you will have protected the future of your family, should anything happen to you."

.... *but* GET THE FULL STORY YOURSELF AND FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN *save*!

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

No Regrets for 1931

IT was with relief that the world bade good-by to 1931.

This is evident in all the year-end editorials.

It is called "a year of calamity," a "year of financial shocks," "one of the blackest in history." The Springfield *Republican* likes to describe the world during the year just closed as "adrift like a planet in peril." The events of the last year, observes the Hartford *Courant*, "made plain that the world is passing through not merely a severe depression but one of the basic readjustments that divide history into periods."

THE colorful history of 1931 in the fields of business and finance is thus summarized in the financial columns of the New York *Times:*

1. Continued fall in staple prices; which, however, proceeded rapidly only in the first half of the year and slackened its pace distinctly after June.

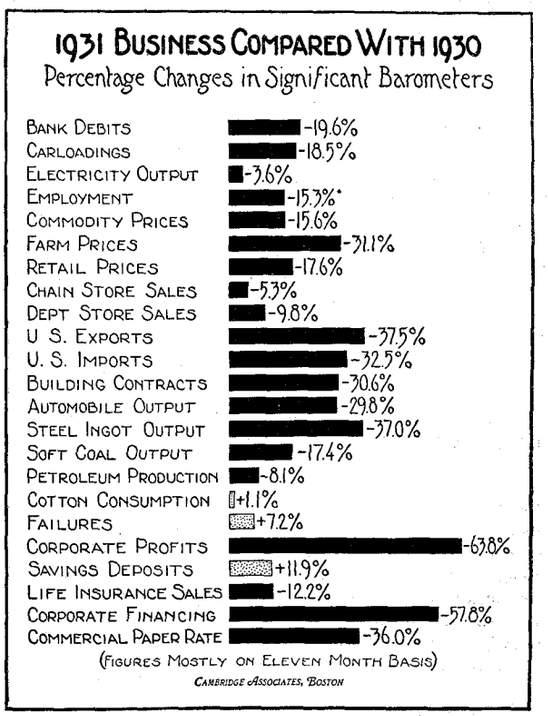
2. Further heavy decrease in consumption and distribution of commodities, outside of agriculture. Steel output increased during the first three months of 1931; but from March to October, inclusive, there was an uninterrupted reduction amounting in all to 16 per cent., and bringing monthly production to the lowest since the war. Freight moved on the railways, measured by cars loaded, decreased in the twelve months 23 per cent. from 1930, and 39 per cent. from 1929. Gross earnings of the railways (ten months' results available) were reduced 20¼ per cent. from 1930, and 32½ per cent. from 1929; net earnings were less, respectively, by 39 per cent. and 57½ per cent. Net earnings of industrial corporations were estimated to have decreased 30 per cent. from 1930.

3. Reduction of dividends by most of the great railway and industrial companies, and passing of dividends by many of them; some omitting dividends for the first time in twenty to fifty years. In December the Wabash Railway system went into receivership.

4. Suspension of gold payments in the autumn by the national banks of England, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and Japan. The European suspensions resulted immediately from "raids" on the gold reserves of Germany and English central banks occasioned by fright of foreign short-term lenders on those markets. The suspensions were followed by a panicky rush of other European markets to strengthen their own reserves by drawing gold from the United States. The German Reichsbank lost $247,000,000 gold in six weeks of June and July; the Bank of England, $158,000,000 in July; the Federal Reserve, $747,000,000 in the six weeks after the Bank of England suspended gold payments on September 21, but it added nearly one-third as much to its holdings before the year-end.

5. The fall in Stock Exchange prices; stocks declining by the "averages" to the lowest since 1921, domestic bonds to the lowest since prewar days, foreign bonds to the lowest since compilation of their averages began.

6. Relief measures initiated by the Administration. In the June crisis arrangement was made with European Powers for a one-year moratorium both on intergovernmental war debts and on German reparations. In October, it took the form of a "bank pool" to support weak institutions and prevent forced sale of their investments. Both announcements were followed by rapid but temporary recovery in the markets. In October, also, the Interstate Commerce Commission, after rejecting the railway petition for 15 per cent. general advance in rates, granted comprehensive separate advances reckoned to provide $125,000,000 more revenue. The Commission urged that proceeds of these higher rates be "pooled" for the benefit of railways threatened with default. The market's response to those measures of relief was emphatic, but only temporary.



"WHEN the profuse statistics of 1931 are assembled," we read in *Barron's Weekly*, "they carry an almost unvarying and monotonous resemblance to each other":

Practically all indices have steadily dipt downward, to unexpected depths. It is the same repeated story in production as in prices, in volume as in value.

The preceding twelvemonth of 1930 had seemed one of sharp recession; now 1931 has swept practically everything much lower again. Even wages have reluctantly had to join the downward procession.

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Once again the security markets have rovided the most symptomatic indices. 'here were two postpanic "false dawns." 'hat of 1930 had climaxed in April (in late Iarch of that year for the rails). That of 931 was mostly reached in February last n March for the utilities and in late Jan- ary for bonds).

Thereafter, in each year there followed a ng, steady sagging to new low levels, roken only by a smart but brief rally on ie Hoover moratorium proposal late last une, and with another mild upturn near ie year-end.

Perhaps the most spectacular and sig- ificant development of the year, it is marked, was the slump in bond prices uring the last half. During the year the verage of forty representative bonds dropt om 95.20 to 77.77. The drop in prices is oted elsewhere. *Barron's* calls attention to ie "marked slackening of activity and windling of producing and earning power hich characterized the year throughout." There was abnormal idleness of machinery s well as of men." This was especially own in stagnation in steel and the pro- essive falling off in railroad traffic. Rail- ad net operating income dropt from n round numbers) $868,878,792 in 1930 $530,000,000. The point is made by *arron's* that:

The sharp retrogression in our domestic usiness naturally was accompanied in a me of world-wide depression by a heavy rinkage in both export and import totals our foreign commerce, as reflecting both iminished cargoes and the great drop in ractically all unit prices. Thus our 1931 xport total in dollars is off almost 38 er cent. from 1930, and off 54 per cent. om 1929, while the import total is off 2 per cent. from 1930 and 52 per cent. om 1929.

Some of the significant changes in busi- ess indexes are indicated in the diagram printed on the preceding page.

But in spite of all these more or less de- ressing statistics, "there is a silver lining," sist a group of banks of New York and icinity in an advertisement in the New ork papers. And it is not merely a matter larger savings deposits—

Take the electrical refrigeration industry, or example. In 1931, seven leading com- anies report increased business over 1930, ie best previous year.

Three large textile manufacturers like- ise report improvement.

Chain stores of all kinds—grocers, res- urants, department, and five- and ten- nt stores—did better in 1931.

Business was better, too, for seamless rpets. Arrow collars, Telechron clocks, ewing-gum and Life Savers, steel boats, ller-bearings, tooth-brushes, ginger-ale nd Coca Cola, and miscellaneous food roducts.

At least one outstanding motor-car com- any and one leading radio manufacturer ow increased business in 1931.

Such is the record of 1931. A survey of ie prospects for the present year as out- ned by spokesmen for business, industry, nd finance will appear in these pages ext week.

A DUTY SHE DIDN'T EXPECT

when they made her club president

WHAT *funeral director should we call? What would you do about all these flowers? Do you think three cars will be enough? What sort of casket would you choose?*

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First, find out about the funeral directors in your community. Be sure that the one you recommend is a man who, because of his standing in the community, his professional reputation and the quality of the merchandise he carries, is obviously the type of man one can trust.

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Third, send for, read and *keep* for further use, our little booklet, "Funeral Facts." In it you will find the answer to every question that can arise when death occurs. It is brief, accurate, authoritative . . . an invaluable aid in time of need. Ask any funeral director in your community who carries National Caskets for a free copy, or write us. Dept. D-1, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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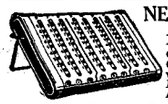

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Dollar's Buying Power—To-day, Yesterday, and Day Before

ONE of the striking characteristics of the year just closed was the steadily descending ladder of commodity prices.

Or, to put it the other way around, the rise in the purchasing power of the dollar.

The Boston *News Bureau* notes that, with the single exception of November, Professor Fisher's average price index for each month of 1931 "ranged uniformly just a little under the preceding month." Putting it in terms of the dollar, 1931 saw a steady climb "from an average of 128.8 cents in January to a 1931 high of 149.9 cents for the week ended December 24." In other words, "a dollar at wholesale is virtually enhanced a half dollar above its 100 cent status of 1926."

A graphic illustration of recent changes in commodity prices, wages, and stock-market prices is given in a tabulation prepared by E. F. Hutton & Company, published in their *Weekly Financial Digest* and reprinted in *The Economist* (Chicago).

The figures given show the purchasing power of the 1913, 1929, and 1931 American dollar, with respect to commodities and wage workers, the examples, it is said, being chosen for their representative character rather than for comprehensiveness. The prices late in 1931 are so near present levels that the tabulation loses little of its interest by our passage into 1932. Here are the figures:

WHAT A DOLLAR BOUGHT AND BUYS IN COMMODITIES

Commodity:	*1913*	*1929*	*1931*
FARM PRODUCTS			
Milk, fluid, N. Y.	48.53 lbs.	25.02 lbs.	28.49 lbs.
Wheat, No. 1, N. Spg., Minn.	1.14 bu.	0.78 bu.	1.45 bu.
Tobacco, leaf, Kentucky	11.22 lbs.	5.98 lbs.	8.14 lbs.
FOODS			
Bread, N. Y.	23.81 lbs.	15.15 lbs.	15.15 lbs.
Coffee, Rio, No. 7, N. Y.	9.01 lbs.	6.37 lbs.	17.86 lbs.
Sugar, raw, 96 deg., N. Y.	28.57 lbs.	26.32 lbs.	29.41 lbs.
HIDES AND LEATHER			
Men's dress shoes, medium	.45 pr.	.27 pr.	.31 pr.
TEXTILE PRODUCTS			
Rayon, 150 dernier, N. Y.	.57 lbs.	.85 lbs.	1.33 lbs.
Silk, raw, steam filt, N. Y.	.22 lbs.	.20 lbs.	.41 lbs.
Yarn, fine weaving 2/50	.95 lbs.	.51 lbs.	.71 lbs.
FUEL AND LIGHTING			
Coal, anthracite, chestnut	.07 ton	.08 ton	.08 ton
Petrolm, crude, Kan., Okla.	1.07 bbl.	.81 bbl.	1.79 bbl.
Gasoline, refinery, Penn.	7.69 gal.	10.99 gal.	18.87 gal.
METALS AND PRODUCTS			
Pipe, cast-iron, N. Y., 6 in.	.04 ton	.03 ton	.03 ton
Steel, structural mill	.66 cwt.	.52 cwt.	.63 cwt.
Copper, ingot, electrolytic	6.37 lbs.	5.52 lbs.	14.29 lbs.
BUILDING MATERIALS			
Brick, com. build., plant	.07 M.	.07 M.	.08 M.
Cement, Portland	.99 bbl.	.62 bbl.	.75 bbl.
Glass, plate, 5 to 10 sq. ft., N. Y.	3.14 sq. ft.	2.60 sq. ft.	2.74 sq. ft.
DRUGS AND PHARMACEUTICALS			
Alcohol, grain, N. Y.	.40 gal.	.36 gal.	.40 gal.
Nitrate of soda, 95%, N. Y.	.40 cwt.	.46 cwt.	.49 cwt.
HOUSEFURNISHINGS			
Carpets, Brussels, factory	.77 yd.	.34 yd.	.40 yd.

WHAT A DOLLAR BOUGHT AND BUYS IN LABOR

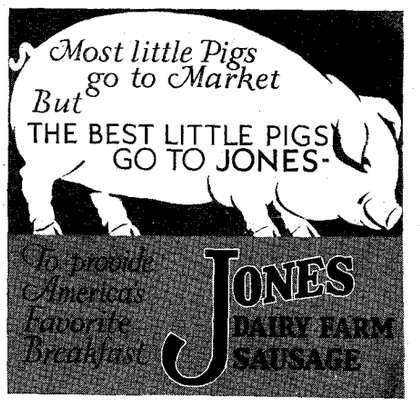
Wage-Workers:	*1914*	*1929*	*1931*
Agricultural implements	3.77 hrs.	1.60 hrs.	1.63 hrs.
Iron and steel	3.80 hrs.	1.53 hrs.	1.55 hrs.
Electrical manufacturing	3.68 hrs.	1.60 hrs.	1.61 hrs.
Boot and shoe	4.72 hrs.	1.99 hrs.	2.27 hrs.
Automobile	3.41 hrs.	1.44 hrs.	1.46 hrs.
Railway (excel. of office)	3.83 hrs.	1.53 hrs.	1.51 hrs.
BUILDING:			
Bricklayer (avg. 6 cities)	1.37 hrs.	0.67 hrs.	0.65 hrs.
Carpenter (avg. 6 cities)	1.89 hrs.	0.87 hrs.	0.83 hrs.
Farm worker (without board)	0.68 day	0.42 day	0.58 day

WHAT A DOLLAR BOUGHT AND BUYS IN TRANSPORTATION

	1913	*1929*	*1931*
Passenger railroad fare (avg. class 1 roads)	49.80 mi.	35.57 mi.	38.80 mi.

WHAT A THOUSAND DOLLARS BOUGHT AND BUYS IN STOCKS

	1929 high	*1931*
D.-J. Industrial averages	2.62 avg. shs.	9.93 avg. shs.
American Can	5.40 shs.	12.50 shs.
American Telephone	3.22 shs.	7.42 shs.
General Electric	9.92 shs.	33.19 shs.
General Motors	10.90 shs.	39.60 shs.
New York Central*	3.89 shs.	19.80 shs.
U. S. Steel	3.82 shs.	15.68 shs.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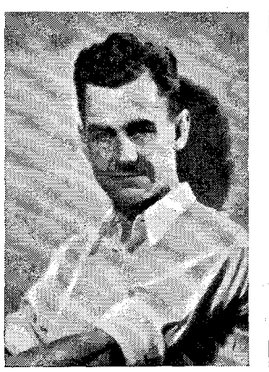

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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breakneck speed.—"H. O. F.," Montreal, Can.—This is an absurd phrase, for if one traveled at *breakneck speed*, one's neck would be broken. The phrase, however, is used by many thoughtless persons.

Coventry.—"E. B.," Oyster Bay, Long Island.—The correct pronunciation is *kov'en-tri—o* as in *not*, *e* as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*. The pronunciation *kuv'en-tri* (*u* as in *but*, *e* as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*) is an affectation still heard in some parts of England.

delight, enjoy.—"L. R.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—One *enjoys* a fortune; *delights* in a friendship; *enjoys* a visit; *delights* in associating with a friend, but nowadays "*enjoys* a friend" is not acceptable English even if it was used by Milton in "Paradise Lost" (Bk. ix, line 1032), and Shakespeare in "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act ii sc. 2).

deprecate, depreciate.—"W. L.," Schenevus, N. Y.—The meanings of these words are sometimes confused. To *deprecate* is to express strong disapproval of; as, "to *deprecate* the course taken or plan adopted." *Depreciate* signifies to lower in estimation or value; disparage; underrate; as, "to *depreciate* human nature."

euphoria.—"D. B.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—This term is used in medicine, and means "the condition of being well" and "the ability to bear pain."

gamin.—"D. B.," Yonkers, N. Y.—This word is French and is pronounced *ga''man'*—first *a* as in *art*, second *a* as in *fat*, *n* pronounced with a nasal sound. Introduced into the language by Thackeray as recently as 1840, the word is not yet Anglicized; hence the pronunciation given is the only pronunciation recorded by Dr. Murray (1897), Stormonth (1885), and Goodrich and Porter (Webster's American Dictionary, 1884), and Worcester (1881). Victor Hugo ("Les Misérables") is authority for the statement that "the word *gamin* was printed for the first time [in French], and passed from the populace into literature in 1834." Nothwithstanding the usage indicated by Worcester, Goodrich, and Porter as prevailing from 1880 to 1890, the Scottish pronunciation *gam'in* (*a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *hit*), first noted by the Imperial (Glasgow, 1884), was the preference of the Encylopedic (1888), the Century (1889), Webster (1890 and 1909), and the Standard (1893 and 1913) Dictionaries. The word is of far too infrequent use in English, of which *urchin*, *waif*, or *street Arab* are preferable, to give to it a pronunciation which it never had in the original French, and which may have been indicated by one who never heard the word spoken.

generation.—"B. N. F.," Pasadena, Calif.—A *generation* is commonly estimated as one-third of a century. In reckoning historically by *generations*, the word is taken to mean the interval of time between the birth of the parents and that of their children, usually computed at thirty years, or three generations to a century.

Pompeii.—"A. P.," Hollis, Long Island.—This should be pronounced *pom-pe'yi—o* as in *not*, *e* as in *prey*, *i* as in *police*; not *pom-pi'ai—o* as in *not*, *i* as in *police*, *ai* as in *aisle*.

speak-easy.—"B. A. B.," New York City.—The earliest record we have of the use of this word is to be found in *The Voice*, of New York, for November 14, 1889. In that issue, the following occurs: "Hundreds of unlicensed dealers in both cities continued to run under the names of clubs and *speak-easies*." This shows that the practise of maintaining clubs and *speak-easies*, where the illicit selling of liquor took place, is by no means modern.

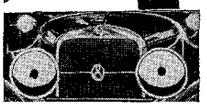
The term is not to be found in Bartlett's "Americanisms," Clapin's "Dictionary of American Slang," or Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogs," unabridged edition.

star (nearest).—"M. R.," Jersey City, N. J.—By the parallax method of measuring distance, the nearest known star is the *Centauri*, which is 24,000,000,000,000 miles away. This is said to be the approximate distance that separates stars from one another. Other bright stars at a distance not more than three times as great are *Sirius* and *Procyon*, but the brightness of a star is no guide to the distance it is from the earth.

swank, swanker.—"N. T.," Union City, N. J.—These terms are Anglicisms recently imported, but not modern words. They date from the early years of the last century, and are recorded in Thomas Batchelor's "Orthœpical Analysis of the English Language" (1809), as belonging to the dialect of Bedfordshire. In England, *swank* designates bombastic behavior or talk, accompanied by ostentatiousness of manner. A *swanker* is a pretentious person who strives to impress others that he is their superior or is something different from what he actually is; in the American vernacular, "a four-flusher."

Makes Night Driving Safer Than Day!

No more driving "blind" on a crowded highway at night! An astonishing new light invention permits every auto owner to see perfectly. Banishes night wrecks and smash-ups. Ends fear of running over children or animals. Guaranteed to do everything claimed here or it costs you absolutely nothing. Simply mail coupon for Free Test Offer.



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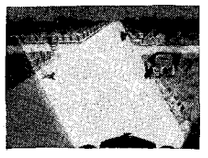

Gives perfect illumination of entire roadway without shadows.

AT LAST! An amazingly queer yet simple invention lifts the curse of night driving from the motoring world. This alto-gether new discovery called "Perfect-O-Lite," replaces old glass "bulbs" in your automobile headlights with truly amazing results. Road illumination is instantly doubled, yet glare is absolutely banished. Ordinary objects in the road, ruts, animals, obstructions, etc., are made clearly visible at least *three* times as far. Instead of ordinary "direct" light, this beam is composed entirely of double-reflected or "infused" light. This new kind of light cuts right through the other fellow's headlights. Even shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow. Banishes the need for glare shields, special spot lights, driving lights, etc. No wonder concerns like Blue & Gray Bus Lines, W. Va.; Wallace & Tiernan, N. J.; Columbus Fire Trucks, etc., have already installed Perfect-O-Lite as standard equipment. To prove what this invention will do, the manufacturer now offers a set to every motorist on FREE TEST. Mail the coupon for details.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Poor White Trash.—
Could we oursels behold
As ithers do, perchance,
We wouldna gie oursels
A second glance.
—*C. M. in the Boston Transcript.*

Faithful Jimmy.—BURGLAR (to belated assistant)—"You're late. I told you 'arf past one."

YOUNG BURGLAR—"I forgot the number of the 'ouse. I've had to break into every 'ouse in the street."—*Passing Show.*

Early Christening.—CALLER—"And what are the twins to be named, Johnny?"

JOHNNY—"Helen and Maria."

CALLER—"Why, no, Johnny; it can't be that."

JOHNNY—"Well, anyhow, that's what pop said when the nurse brought 'em in."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Actors Need Legs.—Then there's the one about the actor who toured the country in "Hamlet."

"What kind of a run did you have in Savannah?" he was asked.

"Well," was the reply, "we beat the audience over the county line by three minutes!"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Her Daily Good Turn.—Jean had been naughty and had been sent into the den to "think things over." After a while she came out all smiles and said, "I thought and I prayed."

"Fine!" said her mother. "That will help you to be good."

"Oh, I didn't ask God to help me to be good," said the child. "I just told Him to help you put up with me."—*Parents' Magazine.*

Underworld on Top.—The influence of gangster films has shown its effect, not only upon the youngsters but adults as well.

Take the case of the school-teacher who absent-mindedly barked: "Stick 'em up!" when he wanted those members of the class who knew the answer to signify in the usual way.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Silver Lining.—
BENEFITS OF THE DEPRESSION

Judge I. L. Harris of San Francisco reports that the number of divorces has fallen off markedly.

Col. R. I. Randolph, head of "The Secret Six," reports that he can now get any one in Chicago bumped off "for from two to three hundred dollars."

Judge Calvin Stewart of Kenosha, Wisconsin, announces he will reduce fines for intoxication from three dollars and costs to one dollar and costs—in order to line up with the nation-wide economy drive.—*Life.*

Knocking Her Cold.—The advertising man was proposing. "Remember," he said, "this is the last day for this astounding offer."—*Lehigh Burr.*

Actor's Reward.—ACTOR (to colleague)—"What delightfully cold weather, Laddie. We're sure to get some good applause to-day from the unreserved parts of the house, while they're getting their hands and feet warm!"—*The Humorist (London).*

"No, officer, we've eloped already. We're just coming home to live with the family!" —"Judge."

Two of a Kind.—Two casual golf acquaintances were walking toward the green when they sighted two women coming over a hill.

"I say," remarked one of the men, "here comes my wife with some old hag she's picked up somewhere."

"And here comes mine with another," retorted the other, icily.—*Tit-Bits.*

Mystery of the Morgue.—Before the New York *Evening Post* moved to West Street, it was known as "the old lady of Vesey Street." Everything was prim and proper about it. A few years ago, before the reorganization of the filing system, there was occasion in the office to look up clippings of the Wall Street explosion. The hunt immediately became complicated. Nothing was to be found under "Wall Street," "Explosions," "Disasters," "Bombs," or even "Reds." Finally they telephoned to the home of the former archivist, retired.

"Where in the name of the Villard family," demanded a frantic editor, "did you file the clippings of the Wall Street explosion?"

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "look in the letter M cabinet. You will find it under 'Mishaps.'"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

An Acrobat.—Everybody knows now where Mr. Barbour will stand when he takes his seat.—*The Nation.*

Trap for the Unwary.—Upon completing the statement Hoover walked informally into the press and office room, shook hands with several correspondents and sat down in a curious wicked chair, product of one of Mrs. Hoover's shopping trips.—*Washington Evening Star.*

The Wolf Is in Danger.—
JERSEY'S DEER KILL
1,692 IN FOUR DAYS
—*New York Sun.*

At a Distance.—On these shivery cold mornings do cuddly worm woollen things appeal to you?—*San Francisco Pacific Rural Press.*

Spreading the Light.—Mrs. M. M. Murphy had charge of the program and gave a review of the book, "Humanity Uprooted by Hindus."—*Charlotte (N. C.) News.*

Where Economy Counts.—Miss Harriett E—— will entertain a small party of friends at a buffet supper. Tight guests have been invited for the occasion.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Sure Thing.—That the so-called "145 rule," which would pave the way for the first showdown on national prohibition since its adoption, will be adopted by the Souse was generally predicted.—*Washington Herald.*

One Square Mile = 640 Kingdoms.—The high card holdings for the night were: Culbertsons 56 acres, 62 kings; Lenz and Jacoby 60 acres, 54 kings.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

As Big as the One That Got Away?—Mr. Robinson occasionally pounded a big fish on his desk as he gave formal notice that it would be the Democratic policy in this Congress to seek to improve measures put forward by the administration.—*New York Sun.*

Killing Diet.—Clarksburg, W. Va.—A grim-faced prosecutor sought to put Harry F. Powers in the shadow of the gallows to-day—and the gun-chewing defendant squirmed in annoyance.—*San Angelo (Tex.) Times.*

Unimprest by a heavy police guard detailed to watch him, Francis (Two Gun) Crowley, brought down from the Sing Sing death house, took the stand in General Sessions to-day and unconcernedly chewed stick after stick of gun.—*New York Evening Graphic.*

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